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[ONE PENNY.]



MR. MACCABE, MIMIC AND VENTRILOQUIST.

MACCABE.

MIMIC AND VENTRILOQUIST.

MIMICS in all ages have been regarded as abiding diversion of the highest order, but the art of being able to so modulate the voice and distort the features as to produce a tolerably exact imitation of any well-known character, is not sufficient in itself to raise an entertainer very high in public favour. It is when the mimic possesses striking histrionic power, shows himself possessed of ready wit, and comes before his audience as an actor of undoubted ability, that his claim to a niche in the Temple of Fame is willingly conceded. Since witnessing Mr. Maccabe's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, we venture to assert our belief that he has attained this enviable position. His versatility is unrivalled. He proves himself to be a composer of more than average excellence; he is an excellent pianist, and sings with great force and feeling. His ventriloquial efforts are such as to eclipse those of the late Mr. Love, who, some years ago, carried off the palm in that art. The conversation he holds with a man supposed to be in the chimney is most mirth-provoking. The dialogue is sustained without flagging in a wonderful manner, though the fatigue must be exhausting in the extreme, and it is both pithy and humorous. Mr. Maccabe's recitation of a popular favourite, Mr. Henry Russell, is a positive treat to those who remember the eccentric author of "To the West," and "Sunshine after Rain." To thoroughly enjoy this, as well as Mr. Maccabe's other impersonations, the play of his features should be carefully watched, as his "action" is imitable throughout. A sketch of evening party life—Mr. Solemn Sides, an old gentleman, who has been selected to return thanks on account of his undoubted respectability—is a creation which we all recognise in an instant the moment he opens his mouth, and with a preliminary cough exclaims, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen." Miss Mary May, a good-naturedly satirical young lady, is a capital imitation of a class of young ladies of whom Miss May is an undoubted type. Mr. Maccabe makes an excellent woman. His face, destitute of beard and whiskers, and ignorant of the ghost of a moustache, gives him a feminine appearance, which the crinoline and chignon serve to complete. The voice, too, is that of a sprightly miss who speaks candidly of "mammas," and flutters her fan to hide her blushes when she talks of the not altogether undesired contingency of marriage. The new Dundreary is most mirth-provoking. Though not an imitation of Mr. Sothorn, the beholder is irresistibly reminded of him; albeit, the new Dundreary possesses many excellencies which were wanting in the old; the frequently-recurring "Thank you, thank you," must be heard to be appreciated. It is in the Wandering Minstrels that Mr. Maccabe surpasses himself. These peripatetic musicians are supposed to represent Romance and Reality. The Troubadour, in splendid attire, gaily touches his guitar, and discourses sweet melody in the softest of voices, presenting a grotesque contrast to the Whitechapel genius, who "tootle tootles" on a penny whistle, telling you at intervals how he adapts his entertainment to the upper, middle, and lower classes. Made up of patches and effrontery he comes on like Jim Bags, or Pawkins, forcibly reminding one of Robson, and whistles in a way which, as he quaintly says, makes it in a quiet street, either "Some coppers or a policeman in no time." Unquestionably Mr. Maccabe is an artist of the highest order, and is rapidly taking rank among our best and most popular entertainers; his is an excellence which will increase instead of decrease. An unlimited field is open to his genius. As long as the world exists so long will the follies of mankind, and to show up an idiosyncrasy or an amiable weakness is always more amusing than lashing folly in didactic verse. Mr. Maccabe will never lack admirers while he makes himself the marvellous mirror in which the peculiarities of society are vividly reflected. Taken as a whole, "Begone, Dull Care" is a masterpiece, but it must be judged by its component parts, the individual excellence of each one being such as to make it stand out distinctly and be a small but perfect entertainment in itself. It must be mentioned that the rapidity with which Mr. Maccabe's changes of costume are made is simply wonderful. The metamorphoses are magical. Proteus is out-done, and when effected, the "get-up" is always artistic and true to nature. There is no exaggeration about it. The Railway Porter is a study from life. In this part of his play Mr. Maccabe introduces ventriloquism with capital effect, as he holds conversation with imaginary passengers. A Yankee tenders him a ticket and a half-complaining of the slow pace the train crawls alone at. The porter objects to the half ticket as his companion is a young man. "You don't call him a child, sir?" he says. "No," replied the Yankee, "He's proved some, but he was when we started!" The same sort of humour, though of a more subtle kind, is noticeable in Mr. Tommy Bolton, a Lancashire lad, who is perfect in his way. The song sung by an Irishman, "I'm not myself at all," is thoroughly enjoyable. As we have said, each one of Mr. Maccabe's creations is an entertainment in itself. We say creation advisedly, for Mr. Maccabe has mapped out for himself perfectly new and independent lines, disdaining to tread in the beaten track, though many have gone before him, but only as pioneers to show their master the way. Our illustration on the front page represents Mr. Maccabe in his principal characters, whose acquaintance we heartily advise our readers to go and make for themselves at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where Frederick (deservedly the Great) Maccabe is to be seen nightly.

The *Brighton Guardian* says:—"During the interval between the first and second parts of Mr. Maccabe's entertainment on Monday night, we could not help asking ourselves the question—*is criticism quite dead?* On the back of Mr. Maccabe's programme was a string of quotations from the London press, perfectly worthless as recognitions of his extraordinary talent, and still more miserable as specimens of literary composition. Is there no Hazlitt now at hand to point out in enduring language the merits of a young artist who confines in an unparalleled, if not unsurpassable degree, qualities which stamp him as the first 'entertainer' of the time? It is but the simplest truth to say that no contemporary artist can venture to compete with Mr. Maccabe in his walk. It is but the merest justice to testify that while Mr. Maccabe's physical exertions produce an unrivalled result, his entertainment is, further, an intellectual treat. One of Mr. Maccabe's characters is a 'heavy swell,'—a perfect gem of acting; and in the introduction to this are observations worthy of passing into standard aphorisms. It is, in fact, a new sensation to attend Mr. Maccabe's entertainment. Those who are bored and jaded at ordinary entertainments with the dismal recurrence of 'characters' which are only characters because the entertainer dresses in a particular costume, adopts a peculiar position, or assumes an unnatural voice, will find in Mr. Maccabe one who avoids all the faults of his predecessors, who excels all their excellencies, and introduces new features which have never been met with before. The 'Duke' takes us into his confidence, and shows how methodically he 'does 'em.' The mingled air of cunning and impudence is a happy hit; though it can scarcely be seen anywhere out of a thieves' kitchen,—except, perhaps, in a police court where the culprit gets an idea that by tickling the 'beak' a little he may get a less sentence. John Parry never did anything so good as 'Miss Mary May' or the 'Heavy Swell.' The late Mr. Love furnished the modern ventriloquist standard, and no such ventriloquism has been heard since Mr. Love's retirement as Mr. Maccabe gives us in the course of 'Begone, Dull Care.' Maccabe is also a good musician. His 'Early in the Morning' is a favourite in street, theatre, and drawing-room, and to give an idea of his accompaniments and musical illustrations we must again fall back on a comparison with Parry. His changes of costume are made with perfectly astonishing quickness. If the word 'great' can cling to a platform 'entertainer,' assuredly Maccabe, above all others, deserves to retain it."

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Marquis of Lorn left Scotland on Tuesday last for Turkey. His lordship also intends visiting India, and will be absent for several months.

SIR DAVID EDWARD WOOD, K.C.B., a cousin of Earl Vane's, and a son-in-law of the present Lord Ravensworth, has consented to stand for the representation of this enfranchised borough of Stockton.

NORWICH has been chosen as the place of meeting for the British Association next year—an excellent choice. Dr. Hooker is the President-elect—also an excellent choice. The Dundee meeting has turned out better than the promise, and it will rank very high in the list of second-rate congresses.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has undertaken the editorship of a "Life of John James Audubon," from materials supplied by his widow. The work will include the naturalist's adventures in the backwoods of America, as well as his correspondence with celebrated Europeans, and may be expected during the ensuing season.

SINCE the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen has played only sacred music, and that chiefly on the harmonium. The eminent musician who taught her this instrument is now engaged in arranging for it, for Her Majesty's use, all the modern oratorios by Costa, Schachner, &c. The arrangements are ultimately to be published.

THE election of Lord Mayor will take place on Saturday, 28th inst., Michaelmas falling on Sunday. All the aldermen who have held the office of sheriff are eligible, but it is not at all likely that the usual custom of electing the next in rotation will be departed from; consequently the civic mantle will fall upon Mr. Alderman Allen, of the ward of Cheap.

AN extraordinary bunch of grapes was exhibited at the Glasgow flower show by Mr. Archibald Fowler, gardener to the Earl of Stair, Castle Kennedy, which weighed 17lb. 2½oz. A 100 years ago report says that a bunch of the white Syrian grape was produced at Welbeck which weighed 19½lb., but many horticulturists have since then doubted its authenticity.

WE understand that it is intended to give a concert shortly for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Mr. Henry Buckland. Mr. Montem Smith, of Holly Cottage, North Brixton, has charge of the arrangements, and to him all communications on the subject may be addressed. We sincerely hope that the project may meet with the success it so well deserves.

THE *Solicitors' Journal* believes that immediately on the commencement of term an application will be made to one of the common law courts for a prohibition to restrain Dr. Twiss and Robertson from acting as delegates of Sir Robert Phillimore, as Dean of the Arches, in the cause promoted by Martin v. the Rev. A. H. Mackenzie, relating to the Ritualist practices at St. Alban's.

THE *British Medical Journal* states authoritatively that the Princess of Wales has had no fresh illness whatever; no relapse of any kind; nothing to give cause to even the slightest feeling of anxiety. In addition to the exercise which she is able to take in a carriage and Bath chair, over ground however rough, she is able to walk in her room, and with the help of a crutch, to bear slightly upon the affected joint, which is movable. Thus even the minor misfortunes of a fixed joint, which seemed almost inevitable, is likely to be averted, and an almost unhopd-for success will be attained.

MR. EDWARD BRICE BUNNY, a gentleman well known and highly respected in the banking world, expired at his residence, Speen-hill, Newbury, on the 10th inst., at the advanced age of 82 years. Mr. Bunny was the senior partner in the firm of Bunny and Slocock, bankers, Newbury, and had probably been longer engaged in the banking business than the great majority of gentlemen in that profession, having been actively connected with the firm for nearly 60 years. He was a magistrate for the county of Berks, and was held in the highest esteem by the people of the neighbourhood.

IT has been recently rumoured that Mr. Edwin James, who some years since quitted England, and was admitted a member of the New York Bar, had become a waiter in a coffee-house. We have no special authority to contradict this rumour, but we think that for the honour of the bar throughout the world we should state that there is every reason to suppose that Mr. James has continued a member, and by no means an idle member, of the New York Bar from the time of his election. We found our belief upon an advertisement which regularly appears in the New York papers, bearing the conspicuous heading, "Edwin James on the Bankrupt Law." The advertisement before us refers to a new edition of this work, and Mr. James is mentioned as "Edwin James of the New York Bar, and one of the framers of the recent English Bankruptcy Amendment Act." There are many, both in the profession and among the public, who will be glad to hear that the brilliant but frail advocate, whose star suddenly set in dishonour and disgrace, is not so miserably degraded as rumour represents.

SPORTSMEN are enjoying splendid sport in the forests, the fine weather contributing greatly to their comfort. In the Altanor forest the Hon. G. Skene Duff has had to his own rifle no less than 37 stags in eight days. In the Glen Fiddoch forest, on Tuesday last, the Duke of Richmond brought down a fine stag, and on Wednesday also shot a good stag. In Balmacraan forest, on Tuesday last, the Marquis of Ailsa shot a fine stag. On Thursday, the Earl of Seafield shot a stag with eleven points, weighing 16½lb., and on the same day Lord Reidhaven brought down a splendid fallow buck. On Friday last, the Earl of Seafield and party had a drive in the Shengle woods, and shot ten stags, two of which weighed 19½lb. each, and another 17½lb. The average weight of the ten was 15½lb., and several of them had splendid heads. A remarkable stag has been killed by Mr. Brown, of Anghintorlie, on the Island of Jura, having one horn only, spreading out like a branch. The stags on Jura frequently "sport" curious horns, we suppose the effect of breeding in and in. Another unusually fine stag, showing 15 points, being the largest deer ever known to exist in the district, lately fell, near Inverary, to a very youthful sportsman, Mr. Henry Callender, of Ardkinlas.

MR. HENRY HOME DRUMMOND, of Blair-Drummond, died at the family seat on Thursday. Mr. Drummond was a grandson of Lord Kilmear, a well-known judge of the Court of Session in the last century. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1808, and during the Radical disturbance in Glasgow from 1818 till 1820, gained, as one of the advocate-deputes, rather an unenviable notoriety in connection with some of the trials for high treason at that period. He was vice-lieutenant of the county of Perth, and until within the last few years took an active part in county business. He represented the county of Perth in Parliament from 1840 till 1852. In 1840 he contested the county with Mr. George D. Stewart, brother of the present Sir William Drummond Stewart, of Murthly. Mr. Drummond was returned by a majority of 453 above his Whig opponent. Mr. Drummond was a Conservative of the Peel school, and supported Sir Robert Peel in the abolition of the Corn Laws. At the general elections in 1842 and 1847 he was unanimously re-elected member of Parliament for Perthshire. He retired from the representation of the county on the dissolution of Parliament in 1852, and was succeeded at the general election in that year by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, the present member. Mr. Drummond was an ardent friend to agricultural improvement, and much endeared to the tenantry on his estates. He was father to the present Dowager Duchess of Athole, and also of Mr. Charles Home Drummond of Abercairny.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE Taeping, the winner of last year's race, is the first tea ship in. She arrived off the Isle of Wight on Sunday night, having left China four days after the sailing of the *Mailand*.

THE quantities of herrings landed by the Great Yarmouth boats have presented considerable fluctuations during the last few days, but the quality has improved. Prices have ranged at from £10 to £17 per last (13,200 fish).

THE hops, and especially in some parts of Herefordshire, turn out much better than had been expected; and those who have anything like a crop will reap a capital return. Last year's hops are in steady request.

TROUTING appears to be particularly good on the Perthshire streams and lochs this season. A local paper states that at Loch-carnhead, the other day, Mr. Plumb, an American gentleman, and three companions, killed 900 trout in about ten hours—more than one every three minutes to each rod, and a total of 225 fish to each of the four anglers.

JOHN MULLANY and Michael Walsh, who were both tried at the special commission in April last, and found guilty under the provisions of the "Whiteboy Act," for being portion of an armed party who assembled at Tallaght on the morning of the 6th of March, and who were sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, were on Saturday discharged from Kilmainham Prison, having completed the term of their sentence.

ON Monday, as a party of gentlemen were returning from part-ridge shooting to Bredon, the horse attached to a carriage in which were Captain Massey (who was driving) and Captain Croome, 96th Regiment, took fright at part of the harness giving way, and galloped at a furious pace for about a mile and a half. On arriving near Tewkesbury, Captain Croome threw himself out, and in doing so received some very serious injuries and a severe shock to his whole system. Captain Massey was thrown out on his head about 150 yards further on, was picked up insensible, never rallied, and died on the Friday following.

As some men were at work blasting in one of the Fulwell quarries they discovered, about a depth of 60 feet below the top of the limestone bed, a natural cavern, the roof of which subsequently fell in and filled it up. The cave had evidently been at one time a receptacle of water, as its sides were in places worn away by the drip. It had been dome shaped, 30 feet in diameter, and about 20 feet in height, and it is on a level into what is known as the "fish bed," and the locality from which many interesting fossils of extinct fish have been obtained.

A STATEMENT having appeared in one of our contemporaries that in consequence of a serious outbreak of scarlatina the boys are returning home in large numbers from Marlborough College, Mr. G. G. Bradley writes to say:—"Our boys returned here on the 16th of August. Since that time we have had, out of a total of 517 boys, eight cases of scarlatina. There has been no fresh case since Monday last, and all our patients are making most favourable progress towards recovery. In consequence of a circular, giving parents the option of withdrawing their sons for a time, a small number have gone home. Out of the 430 who reside within the college walls, 27 only have been withdrawn."

A GOOD deal of comment has been caused in Cheltenham by the circumstances attending the marriage of the Rev. R. Winterbottom, formerly curate of St. Paul's, which was celebrated at that church on Saturday. The ceremony, administration of the sacrament, with the accompanying prayers and sermon, occupied about two hours. The service was choral, and the "priests," three in number, who "assisted" at the celebration, were decked with ritualist vestments, and the ceremonial included intonations, crossings, and genuflections. The Rev. T. French, the incumbent, had no idea of the kind of ceremony which was to be performed in his church when he granted the use of it, and has from the pulpit repudiated all sympathy with it.

A ROMAN Catholic priest near Moate, in the county of Westmeath, having accidentally ascertained that a servant who formerly belonged to his communion had been led to change her religious belief from reading a tract given to her by Mrs. Wakefield, her mistress, wrote an indignant letter, which called forth a reply from Mr. Wakefield. In consequence of this the rev. gentleman assembled the congregation of three neighbouring parishes last Sunday, and after enlarging upon the dangers of proselytism, advised that none of his hearers should work for Mr. Wakefield. The result was, that that gentleman was left without hands to do his harvest work next morning. Several other speakers at the meeting gave similar advice.

THE yacht lost at Ballywalter, near Donaghadee, left Greenock for Kingstown on Tuesday. It belonged to Captain Knowles, of the 63rd Regiment, and was a schooner of forty-five tons. Captain Knowles engaged the vessel himself. He had taken with him his wife and child and a servant. The night was not stormy, but very thick, and when wearing away for land the vessel struck on the Skull Rock, and sank in seven minutes. The crew took to the rigging, but Captain Knowles refused to leave his wife. Mrs. Knowles and the maid had lifebelts on, and floated for some time. A rope was got round Captain Knowles and fastened to the mast, but he died from exhaustion. The masts were about seven feet over the water. The yacht's boat being filled with lumber and secured on deck, it was found impossible to launch it when she struck. The crew (three) were taken off the upper rigging when morning broke by the coastguard. The body of Mrs. Knowles alone has been recovered.

THE Registrar General for Ireland in his return for 1867, remarks:—"There has been a decrease of 61,823 acres in the total area of land under crops in 1867 compared with 1866; grass has increased by 52,828 acres, fallow by 772 acres, bog and waste unoccupied, by 13,176 acres, woods and plantations show a decrease of 5,153 acres. The returns of live stock for 1867 as compared with 1866, show a decrease in the number of horses of 13,491; of cattle, 43,773; and of pigs, 263,381; and an increase in the number of sheep of 551,733. The total estimated value of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs this year was £35,095,224, being a decrease of £114,491 compared with 1866. According to the returns received, 51,150 persons left Ireland this year up to the 31st of July, being a decrease of 20,045 on the number to the same date last year. The entire number of emigrants since the period at which the enumeration commenced—1st May, 1851—to the 31st July last, amounted to 1,784,339 persons."

THE commissioners continue to pursue their inquiries at Manchester into the operation of trades unions; and the doings of the Brickmakers' Union are now under investigation. Various outrages, not only for the injury of non-unionists, but of the masters who employ them, were revealed. It appears that one of their practices is to place quantities of needles, pins, and small nails in the clay to be kneaded, so as to maim the obnoxious workmen, and to stab and hamstring horses, and fire sheds and implements of labour belonging to the employers. On Saturday one master deposed that the unionists had been "lenient" towards him since a certain date, and explained that by "lenient" he meant they had not destroyed all the property they might have done; a second said that he had given up brickmaking in consequence of threats to shoot him; while a workman stated that poisoned fruit had been laid in his path as he went to and from his work. By a strange hypocrisy at one of the meetings of the society under whose auspices these outrages were perpetrated, a member was fined 2d. for swearing! The commissioners are yet far from the end of their task.

METROPOLITAN.

A TABLET has been inserted in the front of the house, No. 3, King-street, St. James's-square, by M^{rs}. Berli, to denote that the Emperor Napoleon lived there while in this country. The inscription is as follows:—"Napoleon III. lived here, 1818."

On the 14th inst. Mr. Trail, the sitting magistrate at the Greenwich Police-court, granted a summons, on the application of the parish authorities of Lewisham, against the acting secretary of the London and Brighton Railway Company, owing to the non-payment of £2,869 12s. 2d. arrears of rates.

On Saturday, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, a poorly-clad woman, of about forty-two years of age, was going along the Strand towards the Charing-cross Station, when she suddenly fell upon the pavement, and upon several persons running to the spot she was found to be dead. The deceased is at present unknown. The body was removed to the dead-house to await the inquest and to be identified.

MR. ALDERMAN ABBISS is about to retire from the Corporation of the City of London on account of the continued illness of his wife, which would render it impossible for her to discharge the duties of Lady Mayoress, or even to be removed to the Mansion House, when the time arrived, now not far distant, at which in the ordinary course of things it would be his turn to fill the civic chair. Mr. Abbiss has served the office of alderman for the Bridge Ward for eight years.

On Saturday, Reuben Warn, aged four years, who resided with his parents at Blenheim-street, Chelsea, was left alone by his mother, while she went downstairs to get some water. Suddenly the mother heard piercing screams from her room, and on going upstairs found the deceased enveloped in flames. With great difficulty she extinguished the flames, and conveyed the deceased to St. George's Hospital, where every assistance was rendered, but he expired shortly after admission.

A CORONER'S inquest has been held on the body of a woman named Catherine Fitzgerald who was found in the street with her throat cut, having fallen on the edge of a basin which she carried in her hand. It was alleged by one of the witnesses that she fell in consequence of a blow which she received from a police sergeant; but this statement was wholly unsupported, and both the coroner by his expression of opinion and the jury by their verdict pronounced it to be a fabrication. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

JOHN FITZSIMMONS, an Irishman, a man of about 45 years of age, is now in custody at Sunderland for having committed a brutal and unprovoked assault upon a woman named Eliza O'Neil, during a disturbance in Mill-street on Thursday evening. The man went to a lodging-house for the purpose of borrowing money, but being almost mad with drink, it was refused him, and a regular row ensued. The woman O'Neil was sitting near the fireplace at the time and attacking her he bit a piece of flesh from her cheek, and swallowed it.

A PARTIAL eclipse of the moon took place on Saturday, which was visible in the metropolis and throughout Europe, under circumstances most favourable for astronomical observations. The lunar orb first entered the dark shadow of the earth at 57 minutes after 10 p.m., the greatest obscuration taking place at 26 minutes after midnight, when 18 digits 19 on the moon's northern or upper limb was eclipsed, the moon finally quitting the earth's shadow at 1.55 a.m., when the eclipse terminated. The atmosphere was very clear from the time of the moon's rising, with a gentle breeze from the westward, the sky being almost free from clouds, and the stars being visible.

DR. ALDIS, medical officer of health for St. George's, Hanover-square, states that having received information that oysters unfit for human food were being sold in Grosvenor-row, Piccadilly, he went there with the Inspector of Nuisances and seized three bushels and a half of large oysters called "French" and "Jersey," all of which was unwholesome, and a great many were black, putrid, and rotten. They were taken to the Westminster Police-court, when Mr. Selfe, the magistrate, ordered them at once to be destroyed. A man named James Chapman was brought to Dr. Aldis's house, who had eaten a penny worth of this poisonous trash, and complained of cramps with vomiting.

On Saturday afternoon a shocking accident occurred in the Strand. A number of workmen were in the act of lowering a stone cap from one of the pillars facing St. Clement Danes' Church, where the houses and other property are being pulled down to make way for the new law courts, when the standards from which the stone was suspended suddenly fell to the ground, and striking a young man who, along with hundreds of other people, was watching the progress of the operation, killed him, it is believed, upon the spot. The name of the unfortunate deceased has not yet been ascertained. The body was carried to King's College Hospital, in Carey-street.

AMONG the many improvements which have taken place and the great public works which have been constructed during recent years along the banks of the Thames within the Metropolitan boundary, the new docks at Millwall, which are now in part completed, form an important feature. These docks are situated to the south of the West India system, and when completed, will embrace a total area of 204 acres. Of that area 52 acres are to be appropriated for the water area of the docks, so that there will be available for wharves and warehouses the remaining space of 152 acres. Only a portion of the work has been as yet completed, but that portion is of considerable importance, and will afford space for the accommodation of a large amount of shipping. It has a water area of something over 33 acres, while it affords about 2,600 yards of wharf frontage.

WHILE removing one of the Surrey piers preparatory to the construction of the new Blackfriars-bridge, two foundation stones of black slate were discovered by the workmen. One of them is evidently a stone that was laid with all pomp and ceremonial, while the other and smaller one found near it was as evidently stowed away on the same day, but prior to the ceremonial, by some master workman, who took this advantage of his opportunity to hand down his name to posterity. The clear cut inscription on the first says: "On the 23rd day of June, 1761, in the first year of the reign of King George III., the first stone of this pier was laid by Sir Robert Ladbroke, Knt., and President of the Honourable Committee for carrying this bridge into execution. Robert Mylne, architect; Joseph Dixon, Mason." The second stone says: "On the 23rd day of June, 1761, in the first year of the reign of King George III., the first stone of this pier was laid by Joseph Dixon, master mason to this bridge."

On the afternoon of Friday an accident occurred in the Zoological Gardens which might have proved most serious except by the vigilant and energetic interference of one of the keepers named Cocksedge. A foolhardy man, about fifty years of age, who seemed fresh from the sea, went under the iron guard in front of the bear-pit, adjoining the den of the lions and tigers, and commenced teasing a brown bear. The result was that Bruin caught the right arm of the man in his jaws, after having first taken a piece out of the shoulder of his coat, and was beginning to operate with his teeth, when a cry was raised and Cocksedge immediately ran to the spot, and by vigorously jabbing the animal's jaws with a stick caused it to release its foolish victim. Had the keeper not been at hand the incautious fellow, who seemed to be in liquor, might have lost his arm, but he managed to escape with comparatively little injury, and the damage to his coat. Too much praise cannot be given to Cocksedge for his promptitude in extricating the stupid fellow from his perilous position. This incident ought to act as a warning to people who have a penchant for teasing the dangerous animals in the gardens.

PROVINCIAL.

It was reported that another revolution was anticipated at St. Domingo. Several towns on the north side of the island of Hayti had been sacked by the insurgents.

HOP-PICKING is actively carried on in the Weald of Kent districts. Less than the usual number of London pickers have arrived. The crop is under an average one. The crows are all in, and some have been threshed out, showing the crop a little under an average one. The fruit crop has not been satisfactory as far as plums are concerned.

BISHOP WEST'S CHAPEL, at the south end of Ely Cathedral, is being floored with an encaustic pavement by Minton. A large monumental slab, embellished with a foliated cross and inscription in brass (by Field, of London), to the memory of the late Bishop Sparke, is placed in the centre of the floor.

A PERSON of American appearance, about thirty years of age, who gave his name as James Bird, and is supposed to be a Fenian, has been arrested at Howth. The answers he gave to inquiries made of him not being deemed satisfactory, he was committed for further examination to Kilmainham prison.

A SERIOUS fire occurred recently at the flour mills at Southall. The fire was discovered by a policeman, but the flames had then taken such hold of the building, which was principally of wood, that the few small engines which were brought up were unable to make head against them. It was found necessary to telegraph to London for more engines, and they were speedily sent down. The flames were not got under till the whole of the premises were destroyed, as well as a quantity of machinery and a large store of corn.

AN inquest has been held before Coroner Crosse, at Sandford, near Crediton, North Devon, on the body of Maria Moore, aged 40. The deceased was employed in delivering letters in the West Sandford and New Buildings district, and whilst engaged in her usual occupation on Wednesday, on going towards Hentshill Farm she was attacked by a cow which had a calf with her. The poor woman was terribly mutilated, receiving injuries that caused almost instantaneous death. There was no one near at the time to render assistance. Mr. Deans, surgeon, was soon on the spot, but too late to do any good; she died before he reached her. The jury brought in a verdict of "Accidental death."

ON Saturday the last dread penalty of the law was inflicted at Liverpool upon Henry Farrington, who was condemned at the last Liverpool Assizes for the murder of his wife. The wretched man, whose demeanour had evinced the greatest penitence, nerved himself with difficulty to meet his fate, and was supported by the executioner whilst the rope was attached to the scaffold. Although it is computed that 5,000 persons were present, that is stated as a comparatively small number of spectators on such occasions at Kirkdale. A heavy fall of rain coming on at the moment of execution dispelled their morbid curiosity, and the mob dispersed with rapidity in all directions.

THE farmers of Surrey and Sussex have arranged with masters of hunts to abstain from hunting fox coverts for cubs till October in consequence of the outstanding crops of corn. The process of drawing the fox brakes and gorse is pursued previous to the hunting season for a double purpose—viz. of breaking up and dispersing the litters of fox cubs over the country, and giving young hounds blood and scent of future sport, but as young reynard would take shelter in the corn when ousted from his lair, the young hounds in pursuit would cause damage to the crops. This brushing of fox coverts is deferred until the harvest is completed, and the cubs will have some weeks' immunity.

THE prisoner Baker, since his incarceration in Winchester Gaol, is described as very talkative. He frequently refers to the murder, and says that he wonders who could commit such a dreadful crime. His own conscience, he adds, is quite clear, and he hopes that the guilty man will be found out. He appears very attentive to his religious duties, and is very fond of conversing with the chaplain. The hops in Mr. Chalcraft's garden, where the horrible crime was perpetrated, were begun to be picked on Thursday, and the police are rather sanguine that the clearing of the garden may lead to the discovery of the weapon with which the crime was committed. A large number of persons, actuated by a morbid taste for the horrible, still continue to visit the scene of the sad tragedy.

ON Tuesday an inquest was held at Maidenhead on the body of Harry Wells, aged three years. The deceased was the son of a baker living in Queen-street, Maidenhead, and on Monday morning the mother, thinking that the child was with its father in the bakehouse, made sure that he was quite safe. Happening to go out into the yard she found the child on its head in a pan of water. Medical assistance was at once procured, but the child was dead. The deceased was fond of playing with water, and there was a cork floating in the pan. It is supposed that the deceased, whilst endeavouring to reach the cork, overbalanced himself and fell in. Verdict, "Accidental death."

THE OAKS COLLIERY.—On Thursday the explorers at the Oaks Colliery came upon something which felt like a body, and at once reported what they had discovered, when a second relay was sent in to prosecute the search. After being in a short time they found part of the body uncovered, whilst the other portion was firmly imbedded in the spoil, and wedged in on one side very tightly between a corve and some spoil. The leg was uncovered, as was also the arm and the top part of the head. They managed to take one of the boots off, which was brought to the top. Judging from its appearance, being of a better kind than is generally worn by colliers, it is supposed to have belonged to Mr. Tewart, the underground viewer. Up to four o'clock the men were engaged in endeavouring to get the body out, but owing to having to work in the dark, the place being full of gas, the process is a very slow one. The men, also, besides being encumbered with the heavy air-proof dresses, have to work nearly up to the knees in sludge and clay. Amongst the most energetic of them is a son of Sugden, the deputy, who is very desirous to recover the body of his father, and works two or three shifts consecutively.

A RACE BETWEEN TWO RAILWAY TRAINS.—On the 11th inst. the Great Northern and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies ran excursion trains from Halifax to Doncaster races. For three or four years past the two companies have done the same, and a keen competition has sprung up, and this spirit has extended to the drivers of the trains. "Races" with the trains have been run "on the Leger Day" for two or three years, and on the 11th inst. another contest took place. The trains were announced to start at the same time, eight o'clock a.m. The Lancashire and Yorkshire train got off a minute or two sooner than the Great Northern. The trains proceeded by different routes; the former by North Dean and Wakefield, and the latter by Lister Dyke and that way. The Lancashire and Yorkshire train arrived at Doncaster about 9.15 a.m., but was brought to a stand, we are told, by a signal before entering the station. Almost immediately after the Great Northern train came up, and it is said was allowed to enter the station and discharge the passengers before the Lancashire and Yorkshire train. This, of course, gave offence to the occupants of the latter train. At six p.m., the trains started back, the Lancashire and Yorkshire train entering Halifax station about 7.15 p.m., and the Great Northern nearly half an hour after. The excursionists by the Lancashire and Yorkshire train, on finding that "they" had won the race, lustily cheered the driver, Mr. Holroyd, of Mirfield, who was the driver last year, and was the successful competitor.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE *Gazette de France* has an amusing telegram from Geneva, saying that tranquillity is restored in the city, as the members of the Peace Congress are rapidly dispersing.

In Salvador they have had quite a revival at Chateaufort, a place which was formerly rather noted for its laxity of morals. The preaching of two Capuchin monks induced 600 couples to get properly married, and drew 9,000 people to take the Lord's Supper.

THE *Figaro* has a sensational article about the arrival of the would-be assassin of the Czar at the *baque* of Toulon, where he will be forwarded to New Caledonia. Such subjects can have little interest for readers who have no concern in the fate of convicts when once justice has disposed of them.

"CHARIVARI" publishes a striking full-page picture of Mephistopheles, with a pair of bellows, watching the boiling of hell broth in a great cauldron. The logs which make the fire are labelled "Roman Question," "Eastern Question," "Roumania," "Ireland," "German Question," "Poland." The legend is, "Who is to drink the broth?"

The basis of the arrangement come to between France and Italy with regard to the Antibes Legion, appears to be that the corps shall hereafter consist of soldiers, who, having served their full time in the French army, voluntarily re-engage in the service of the Papacy, and not of volunteers from the ranks whose term of service at Rome would count as if they were in their old regiments.

The police at the Hague have arrested a man named Gardesier, in whose possession they found 500 forged American bank-notes for 1,000 dols. each. The notes were forged there, but it is thought probable that the forgers have accomplices, in other countries both in Europe and in America. Several false notes have already been put in circulation. The police are actively engaged in tracing the matter.

A FULL amnesty to the Cretans has been officially proclaimed by the Porte, and a general suspension of hostilities for six weeks, in order to allow the insurgents time to give up their arms or leave the island. The delay granted to the Greek volunteers terminates on the 20th of October, and the Ottoman authorities offer the means of transport to all who wish to emigrate. In the interval, however, the blockade is to be strictly maintained.

INTELLIGENCE from Pesth encourages the hope that the question of the financial burdens to be borne by Hungary is on the eve of a satisfactory settlement. The subject has been a very troublesome one, and its removal out of the way will greatly strengthen the hands of the government of Francis Joseph in dealing with the internal affairs both of his Austrian possessions and his Hungarian kingdom, and at the same time conduce to a better feeling and more harmonious action between his German and Magyar subjects.

THE commissioners of the Paris Exhibition have been officially informed that the Emperor of Austria will honour the Champ de Mars with his presence on or about the 10th of October. Some great preparations will be made for this last of the Sovereigns' visits to the Exhibition. Another Royal visit was expected early next month—that of the Queen of the Netherlands; but cholera having declared itself in several parts of Holland, the Queen will most likely give up her Paris trip, in order to devote to the relief of the poor the money that would have been thus expended.

It was lately reported, and the statement excited considerable attention at the time, that General Garibaldi, on his recent journey to the Peace Congress, dined with M. Von Usedom, the Prussian Minister to the Court of Florence, at the residence of that gentleman on Lake Maggiore. So much importance was attached to the rumour that the official journals of Berlin thought it worth while to meet it with an immediate denial in their most conspicuous type. It turns out that the story is only partly correct. M. Von Usedom was undoubtedly in Berlin at the time, and could not therefore play host to the gallant visitor, but in his excellency's absence that duty was discharged by his better half, a lady whose maiden name indicates her English origin.

THERE is no mistaking the sentiments of the Baden Chambers on the subject of German Unity. In the address submitted to them and which there is no doubt will be passed, it is declared that the nation will not regard tranquillity and internal peace until the national connection between the already-attained union of the North German Power and the South German States shall have been rendered more complete. Further, Europe will not arrive at the conviction of secure peace until the re-organisation of Germany has been accomplished "on both sides of the Maine." And the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance between the South German States and Prussia is regarded as the "momentous first step" towards securing the German people and German territory from every hostile attack and all foreign interference.

AN Alexander Dumas anecdote comes to hand. When he lived at St. Germain he procured his ice from a country gentleman who had an icehouse in his park. One day of September, a Parisian banker, who had gone down to St. Germain to shoot, and whose ice had failed him, made unscrupulous use of Dumas's name to obtain the inestimable article from the country proprietor, who would not sell it to everyone. When, however, the banker's servant arrived, as sent by the author of "Monte Christo," the ice was delivered immediately. When the servant had picked it preparatory to carrying it away, he asked "How much do I owe you?" The instant the words had passed his lips, the proprietor caught him by the collar, "Fellow, you never belonged to Alexander Dumas! Give me back my ice directly."

A FEW days since some consternation was excited among the officials of the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, by the discovery that one of the pictures of the Flemish school had been torn away from its place about ten minutes before the usual time of closing—the culprit having got clear off with his booty. Prompt measures were taken; a copy of the picture was photographed immediately, and the photographs placed in the hands of the police. Two days afterwards the picture was discovered exposed at one of those small shops for the sale of such objects which abound in Florence. The dealer averred that he had bought it for two francs of a man who said that he had given fifty centimes for it. The picture, which is one of the best works of Van Meier in the gallery, although the size is only about 9 inches by 7, has been replaced, and search is being diligently made for the abstractor. The real value of the work cannot be much less than seven or eight hundred pounds sterling.

UNDER the new Constitution of Peru no other religion besides the Catholic would be allowed to exercise public worship. Congress alone can levy contributions. The nation is not responsible for obligations or contracts made by de facto governments unless approved by a National Congress. The President's term of office is limited to five years. Human life and property, domestic secrets, and the secrets of letters are inviolable. There are not and cannot be any slaves in the republic. Nobody can be removed from the republic or from his residence without sentence having been pronounced. Everybody can make use of the press, without previous censorship or responsibility; but all publications which attack private life must be signed by their authors. Every industry and profession which is not contrary to public security, morality, and health, is permitted. All citizens can obtain public places if possessed of the requisites prescribed by law. The judiciary is independent from all other powers; Congress is the only legislative power. He who is not born in Peru cannot be representative in Congress, minister, nor President of the Republic.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S GILLIE.

SUBJOINED is the commentary of the *Star* upon a paragraph we last week copied into our paper:—

"In a turgid sentence which betrays the fine Roman hand of the elegant scholar of the Mechanics' Institute school who wrote it, the *Athenæum* tells us that the Queen's new book is nearly ready, and that it will contain, besides "much guide-book matter," certain revelations concerning the Prince Consort's gillie—that is to say, John Brown—who, says this sapient scribe, has 'recently attained a grotesque notoriety.' Now, there are situations in life in which ignorance of the true meanings of words is 'grotesque' enough. What will scholars say to the editor of a literary journal, claiming to be the first in the country, when he talks of the ghastly scandal which has been set afloat to blacken the fair fame of the most popular Queen who ever lived, as 'grotesque?' The rumour which assailed the Queen did not lurk in caves, which the writer may wish to be informed is the primary meaning of the wild word, nor was it comic nor caricatured. Neither is it recent; it is nearly two years ago since it proved the basis of a serious diplomatic action in Switzerland; it is more than a year since it formed the conversation of the salons of Paris, and of the beer-houses of Berlin. For three years it has been whispered at Windsor and retailed *usque ad nauseam* at Osborne; and the very worst shape that it could take it has assumed. Nay, owing, we believe, to the incaution of perfect innocence and the fearlessness of spotless fame, the Queen's picture by Landseer, containing a portrait of the gillie, again set the thirsty tongues of the club gossips on the stir, and one weekly paper, the satirical (save the mark!) *Tomahawk*, based its mean existence on the fact that it popularised a lie, and gained its be-

LUDLOW CASTLE.

LUDLOW is one of the prettiest towns in England. It is situated on the top of a hill, or elevated knoll, from which the streets descend in all directions, except from the steepest point, which is occupied by the Castle. This was formerly the residence of Roger Montgomery, and was seized by Henry I., besieged in 1138 by Stephen, given by Henry II. to the Fitzwarenses, and by King John to Philip D'Aubigny, from whom it came by the Lacies and Mortimers to the Crown. It was held by the Yorkists in 1451 against Henry VI. who took it 1459. In 1483 it became the Court of Edward V. and Henry VII. whose son Arthur Katherine married here. Milton's "Comus" was written and performed here for Brackley, Earl of Bridgewater. It was here also that Butler wrote the first three cantos of "Hudibras." The castle was plundered and dismantled in 1689. The ruins include the walls, a keep 110 feet high, the hall, and several towers. Altogether it is a picturesque and interesting ruin.

THE THRONE-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF TEHERAN, PERSIA.

AMONG the numerous objects of interest and curiosity in the capital of Persia, the Palace of the Shah is of course one of the most distinguished.

The edifice (one of the principal apartments of which our engraving represents) is altogether remarkable; and especially a new part of it, of which the Shah is said to be very proud. Some of the rooms in the palace are decorated after the Persian fashion, having, on each side, two rows of light pillars, which, as well as the ceilings, are covered with small pieces of looking-glasses.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD HELL AS APPLIED TO A GAMBLING-HOUSE.

THERE is reasonable ground to think we know the origin of the word "hell," as applied to a gaming-house. It is recorded that the meetings of the provincial States in France were the occasion of much gambling; and that in Bretagne it was carried to such a pitch that the *salle de jeu* received the name of *l'enfer*. There is some account of the word Greek, as applied to a cheating gambler. The "Histoire des Grecs, ou de ceux qui corrigent la fortune au jeu," published at the Hague in 1757, states that the word had been long in France. The first, it says, who used the term was a Chevalier de M***, who applied it to fripons and took it himself. This may have been that Chevalier de Mérid, a Parisian gambler, who is always mentioned in books on the theory of chances as a kind of founder of the science, seeing that he proposed to Pascal the problems which attracted attention to the subject. But the chance is diminished by the stars which follow, many other initials being three in number. It has always been the reproach of the theory of probabilities that it took its rise in gambling, and now we see it to be not very improbable that the first instigator was a gambler who confessed himself a rogue. Let us hope this part of the story is not true, and that he described himself as a "man of the world;" this is the title which is usually attached to his name. It is not yet fully understood how much mathematics has been indebted to games of chance, and vice versa. Five years ago, a fashionable journal, commenting on a paper in the "Assurance Magazine," ends with:—"We are positively ashamed of the learned professor who, at the conclusion, goes deeply into heads and tails, or the extremely unmathematical diversion of 'tossing.'" Shades of



THE RUINS OF LUDLOW CASTLE.—WEST SIDE.

daubed pennies by elandering its Queen. So much for this old, worn-out, discredited and discrediting, and patrid slander, which the *Athenæum* finds both 'recent' and 'grotesque.'

"We do hope, though, that this really grotesque rumour is untrue, and that the Queen's book—it is actually a diary or journal kept by the Prince and continued by the Queen—will contain nothing about the gillie. The true story is that the Scotch game-keeper, who might just as well have been left in the canny North, was found to be an attached and faithful servant, and one who looked well over small things, and was made master over great. After the master hand was cold and stiff, the financial business of Balmoral, which Prince Albert looked to closely, fell into some kind of trouble, and the clear head of the gillie was of service. He is now about to marry and retire, and Her Majesty rewards him with a lodge on her Scotch estate—and it is well done. But the coldness of snow and the chastity of ice are, we know, assailable by slander, and the penalty the Queen has paid is but that which an angel of light itself might pay in this naughty world. No British gentleman believed one word; the impure slander died as it left the lips which it could not pollute, and lodged not for one moment in the breast of any gallant man or true gentlewoman in the whole land; but, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, to say one word about the matter would be beneath the dignity of the Queen, whose honour is our own.

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

Others are fitted up in the style of European drawing-rooms, papered and ornamented with coloured engravings. The jewel room is a gorgeous apartment, and contains gems of great value. Several of the diamonds and pearls are represented as of amazing size, but so badly set that they appear to disadvantage. Hard by is a china closet, containing many magnificent bowls and jars. One room is fitted up as a library, having glass cases filled with manuscripts, each in a brocade cover.

We will not attempt to describe in detail the throne-room of the palace, which is represented in our engraving. It has the reputation of being equal in magnificence to that in the palace of Abbas the Great, at Isfahan. The throne itself, which is supported by sculptured figures, is formed of alabaster. Although it is altogether a modern work, the design is, to some extent, a re-production of the idea indulged in by the ancient Persian artists who sculptured the throne of Darius on the walls of Persepolis.

The incident represented in the engraving on page 520 is a levee which is being held by the Shah. On occasions such as this, only the few officers of the Shah's household are permitted to be present in the apartment. The great personages of the empire who may come to pay their respects to their Sovereign, are required to perform their obeisances in the adjoining garden, while one of the attendants sprinkle rose water at intervals upon the heads of the kneeling crowd.

THE ploughing matches of the Brackley and Thame Agricultural Societies took place last week, on Tuesday and Thursday respectively. The society's medal at Brackley and the champion prize at Thame were awarded to Messrs. Ransome's ploughman, James Barker; whilst at the latter the second prize in the champion class and the first prize in the boys' class were also won with the same makers' ploughs. Messrs. Ransome and Sims have now won 95 All England matches since the last great plough trials of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1864.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eight-pence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

Pascal, Fermat, the Bernoullis, Huyghens, De Moivre, Montmort, Condercet, D'Alembert, Laplace, and Poisson! are all your writings insufficient to make pitch and toss a mathematical subject?

At the September fair just held at Bridgewater there were 3,000 sheep penned. The ruling price was 6½d. per lb.

THE body of Dr. Jones, of Carnarvon, has been found in a quarry near Llanberis, at the foot of Snowdon, terribly bruised and distorted. He had been missing for six days, having been last seen one very stormy night, when there was a great deal of thunder and lightning, on his way to visit a young lady to whom he was shortly to be married, at Shop y Charwel. He had evidently fallen over the cliffs and rolled into the quarry.

THE Very Rev. William Alexander, D.D., late Dean of Emly, who has been nominated by the Crown to the bishopric of Derry and Raphoe, will be consecrated at Armagh in the course of the second week in October.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balm of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sangor, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

IN 1866 Mr. Flad was despatched to England by the Emperor Theodoros, on behalf of the prisoners, and to induce our Government to send in their place, as kind of hostages as it were for our good faith, some skilled mechanics and artisans, gunsmiths, boatwrights, wheelwrights, and the like, who were to carry on their trades in his dominions, and have the option of returning home at the end of a stated time. Mr. Flad was specially selected for the mission, because he left behind in the Emperor's power his wife and children, and thereby insured his return; "for," the monarch remarked, "to a European his heart is his wife, and his eyes are his children." After an infinity of trouble Mr. Flad did at last return, and with him as far as Aden a company of mechanics; but no terms could be wrung from this crafty potentate, who did all in his power to get them into his clutches without releasing the prisoners; and at last they were compelled reluctantly to return to England, after a fruitless errand.

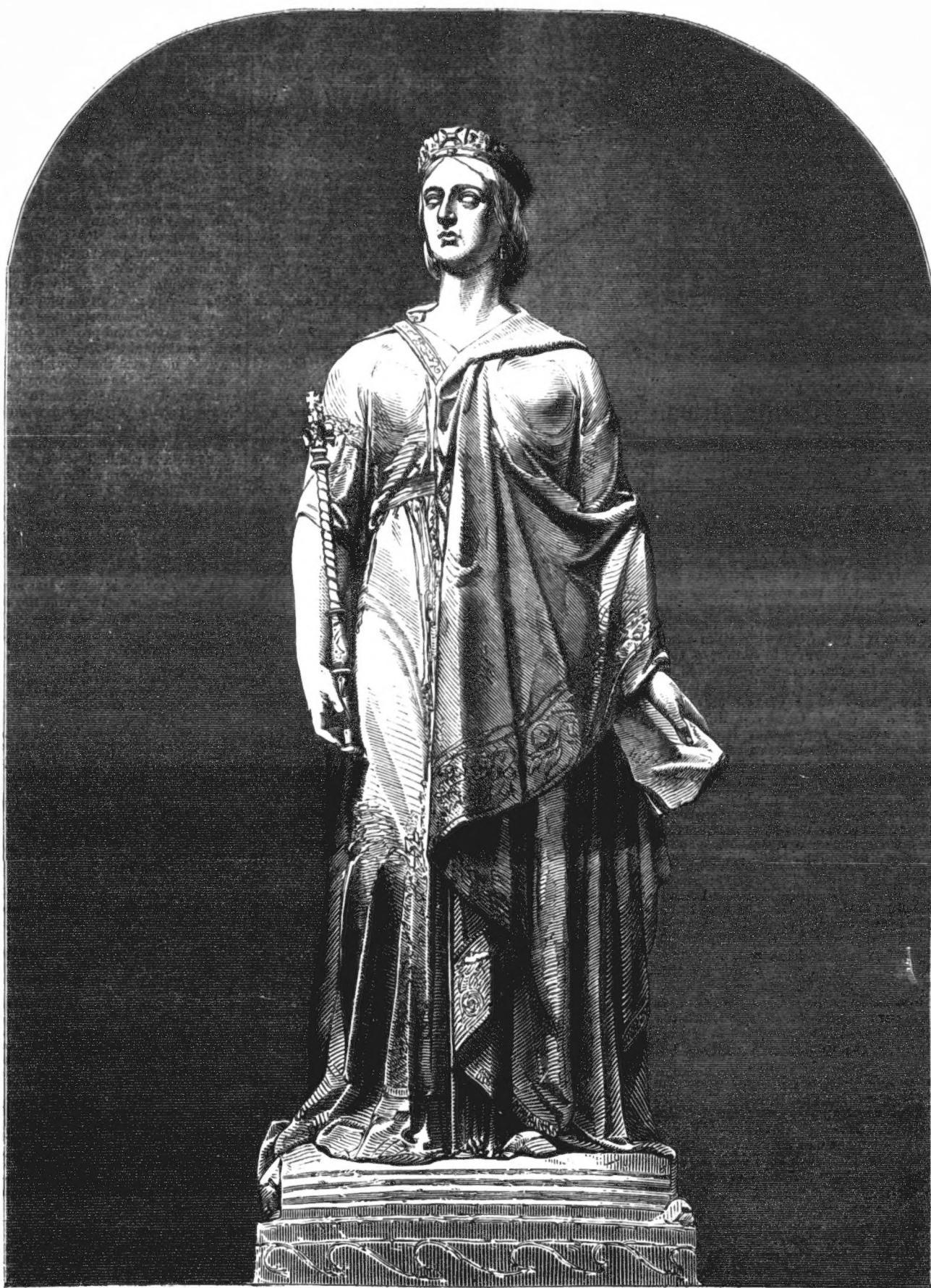
From that time to this all arguments and protests have been unavailing, and the unhappy prisoners remained at his mercy. All their goods have been confiscated, and now and then they have endured the pain and ignominy of being ironed. At other times he has given them many proofs of his favour; but his words and promises are alike useless. Most of these dreary months have been spent at Magdala, with now and then a change to Debra Taber, about fifty miles distant. Dr. Blanc, in a letter to Captain Merewether, gives the best insight into their daily life:—

"Abyssinian prison life is a curious one; we are silent prisoners, still the friends of his gracious Majesty, and treated with the favour only shown to a few privileged captives. Want of exercise is a great privation; it is very difficult to walk any distance with our irons. A ring is hammered on each leg (anything but a pleasant operation), and three links passed in the rings; this keeps the legs in close proximity to one another. The iron resting on the ankle is very painful, so that every morning we put some bandages above the ankle to avoid the friction. Still it is a nuisance, as with all care vermin do get into them. We have altogether a curious aspect—nothing of the officer, the consul, and the reverend. Some of us (I amongst them) without shoes or stockings (and that for the very good reason, that having only a pair of shoes, I keep them in case (!) we should ever get out), with trousers ripped on the side, and buttoned so as to be able to put them on, or else made of very thin Abyssinian cloth, so as to be able to pass them between the rings. Clothes more or less worn out, with straggling beards and shaven heads, sunburnt and altogether seedy looking, we have more the appearance of real criminals than mere hostages. Mr. Sterne is rather breaking down; he worries too much. Cameron is picking up wonderfully—eats like ten men, and absorbs liquid in the same proportion. Mr. Rosenthal is quite well, and Rassam is fat and well, though much older. Prideaux is well, and I too, though I have suffered much from neuralgia. We are all getting grey, even Prideaux, though it does not show much, on account of the natural light colour of his hair. Before coming here we used to say that a good glass of ale and a good cheroot were amongst the blessings of civilised life we most regretted. Now we only long for a walk, our ambition not reaching even a ride. Books and

letters are what we most require. A long day without anything to do but read a stupid book again and again is the Magdala day; the evening, Rassam, Prideaux, and myself have a game at whist. The others are too much down in the mouth, and kill themselves, morally at least, by brooding over their misery. As it can do no good, I for one make myself as jolly as possible under the circumstances—rather a difficult thing, but not, however, to be despaired."

THE Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (and style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer 308, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar, 95, S.E.—[ADVT.]



STATUE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

IRISH FARMERS.

THE Earl of Erne, at a meeting of the Lisnaskea Farming Society, has endeavoured to arouse the farmers of the district to greater exertion. Ireland was, he said an agricultural country, and by it her people must live. But as a nation they were naturally indolent. They rejected what they called new-fashioned farming, and preferred the ways of their forefathers. The beneficial results of new systems should be brought home to every man's comprehension. Irish farmers had only themselves to reproach for the fact that French and Dutch butter-makers were taking the trade from them. He had a letter in his hand from Mr. Fowler of Manchester, which corroborated all he said. Lord Erne at much length gave instructions to farmers present (the society being a tenant farmers' one) on the proper method of making and preparing butter for the market. He once thought, as many wiser than himself did, that free trade would be the ruin of Ireland; but if it had not been for free trade he did not know what they would have done at all. He cautioned the farmers, whilst doing all they could to promote the proper cultivation of flax, not to sow, each of them, too much of it. He did think they ought to take better care of their agricultural labourers, who were becoming scarcer every year. It was most important under the circumstances that labour-saving machinery should also be introduced.

DRAM DRINKING.

THE interests of sobriety and the interests of the distillers are incompatible in Scotland as elsewhere, and an attempt to check dram-drinking within the precincts of the show yard at Dundee has produced a snappish correspondence between Lord Kinnaird—who represents sobriety—and Provost Hay—who represents whisky. The committee, whilst allowing ale, porter, and wine to be sold in the show yard, forbade the sale of spirits; whereupon the magistrates of Dundee issued a licence for the sale of spirits in

a tent just outside the gate of the yard. Lord Kinnaird, on learning this wrote to Provost Hay to remonstrate, pointing out that there were already 600 shops licensed to sell spirits in Dundee, several being within 300 or 400 yards of the show yard, and entreated that the tent might be removed, as people were bringing in bottles of spirits from the Corporation tent, and retailing them privily in the yard. Provost Hay has replied stiffly that Lord Kinnaird's is the only remonstrance the Corporation has received on the subject, and that he will consult his colleagues as to what the spirit will move them to do.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & Co's, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & Co. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Dock; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Smeaton's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Society; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork; Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

THE WAR ON LA PLATA.

A SANGUINARY war has been waged for three years upon the shores and waters of La Plata—the most cruel and destructive conflict that ever took place in South America—and it is only just now that the British people are awaking to any interest in the struggle, although our own commerce is much concerned in the result. It is often said that whenever there is a war, Englishmen contrive to take part in it; but if this ever were true, it has ceased to be so, for the obvious tendency of this generation is to refuse to arm, either on grounds of philanthropy, ambition, or policy. England did formerly interfere in the quarrels of La Plata States, and with beneficial effects. When Garibaldi lifted the standard of freedom against the tyrant Rosas, the British and French fleets aided the hero, and the British and French admirals constrained peace on terms which promised permanent quietness to those fine countries. Once more, however, international war and internal revolt disturb those rich realms, and the British public seems to have no conception of the merits of the quarrel. It is customary for our agents, envoys, ministers, ambassadors (or whatever else may be their rank or designation) residing in the neighbourhood where States are at war, to furnish the Foreign Office with information as to the events taking place, the causes of hostilities, the prospects of the event, and the probable extent to which British interests are involved. But except in the East our Government has seldom been well served in this respect. Some years ago when a young English gentleman (Mr. Mather, of South Shields) was cut down in the streets of Florence by an Austrian officer, and all redress was refused, our minister, Mr. Scarlett, was the advocate of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Kaiser, and almost the enemy of the unfortunate sufferer, because Florence was a pleasant city to live in, and the minister did not wish to be ordered home. When the despatches to Lord Malmesbury were published, even he could not defend them, and they received Lord Palmerston's withering rebuke. During the recent conflict in Spain, the British Government had no precise information from our ministers in Lisbon or Paris, or even from Madrid. Whether it arise from defect in our diplomatic system, or from the choice of ministers by the Cabinet at home, the fact that our Foreign Office is seldom well informed on events in which the country is or may be interested, is indisputable. Unfortunately this has been signally the case in the war on La Plata. There have been within the three years of bloodshed and devastation, but two sets of papers presented to Parliament, both this year; one soon after the opening of the session, and the other a little before its close. When the first of these was presented, the few persons resident in London acquainted with the politics, interests, and facts involved were agast at the absurdities of the correspondence intended for Her Majesty's information. The grossest mis-statements, probably unintentional, pervaded the Parliamentary papers. Certainly the mischief that might be effected by these errors was to some extent neutralised by the palpable and frequent contradictions which occurred in the correspondence. Everything our ministers and agents confidently predicted or suggested as probable has been since falsified, but the public did not pay much attention to the matter, and so was not prepared to find "Correspondence Respecting Hostilities in the River Plate—No. II," otherwise than reliable. Never were official papers received by Parliament and given by "the House" to the public less to be depended upon. The mis-statements are as gross as before, the opinions as worthless, and the contradictions as astounding. It is of the greatest importance to the English people that the value of such documents should be counted for what it really is, and that the real nature of this war should be known to them, as the free navigation of La Plata,

so important to our commerce, depends upon the issue. The States at war are Paraguay, the smallest of any in the group, which stands alone against an alliance composed of the Argentine Confederation, the Banda Oriental, both of which, with Paraguay, are old Spanish settlements, and the Portuguese settlement known as the Empire of Brazil. Paraguay is the interior river State, and is regarded with intense jealousy and ambitious designs by two of the three allies leagued against her. The city of Buenos Ayres, the commercial capital of the Argentine Confederation, is ambitious of being the seat of Government of all the Plata States sprung from Spanish colonisation. Under the old Spanish regime it was so, and it regards the independence of Paraguay and the Banda Oriental as an injury and an impediment to its greatness, and this feeling is cultivated with intense bitterness. Buenos Ayres is desirous of controlling the navigation of the great river, but as the interests of her more powerful neighbour, Brazil, would prohibit, that she is willing to share the dominancy of the river's mouth with the Empire so long as fortune does not make her the sole mistress. The policy of the Brazilian Government is precisely similar, but as she could not conquer all the other States of the Riverine, combined, she pursues a crooked course, and, for the present, allies herself with Buenos Ayres. Paraguay desires independence of both these States. The Banda Oriental (Uruguay), the capital of which is Monte Video, is an unwilling belligerent, and in heart is the ally of Paraguay; but the Dictator Flores, such another man as Rosas, wages the war in her name. This Flores was in exile, to which his country had justly consigned him; but Brazil and Buenos Ayres placed him by force at the head of the State of Uruguay upon the ruin of its liberties. At Monte Video the war is intensely unpopular, and the cause of the allies hated. In the Argentine Confederation there is extensive insurrection in consequence of the unpopularity of the war, which is popular, however, at Buenos Ayres, and the decided policy of General Mitre, the President. Brazil profits by all this, or supposes she does. The occasion of the war was the filibustering of Flores upon Uruguay, aided by Brazil and Buenos Ayres. Paraguay saw that the same game would be attempted with her, and having in vain remonstrated against the support given to Flores in exile, as incompatible with the independence of Uruguay, declared that any invasion of that State by Brazilian forces would be a *casus belli*. Uruguay was successfully invaded, and the war began. Paraguay demands guarantees for the independence of the Banda Oriental—that is really her case and her cause, and it is one essential to her own political existence. The allies refuse any concession to Paraguay, and demand, as a *sine qua non*, the expulsion of her President, Field Marshal Lopez, from the State. General Mitre demands that territory in dispute between the two States should be recognised as belonging to the Confederation. Brazil demands a similar concession in her own case, and a rectification of territory which would strip Paraguay of much of her political importance, security, and national resources. The Empire also demands the right to send ships, military or commercial, along the course of the Plate river into or out through the interior waters of Paraguay. The latter offers the free navigation of her waters to the mercantile navies of all nations, but naturally and reasonably refuses to allow armed ships to enter the Paraguay river. So stands the quarrel. The United States of North America offered to mediate. Paraguay accepted the mediation and its bases. (The allies, believing they could still make Paraguay a prey, refused, except on terms so unjust and absurd, that the United States minister would not listen to them. The war has been one of terrible disaster to the allies, victory crowning the arms of Paraguay. Seldom in the world's history has glory so crowned the smaller force in so unequal a contest. The river forts and batteries of the Paraguayans have repulsed the iron-clad fleets of Brazil, sunk some, shattered others, and spread horror and devastation in the whole Brazilian fleet. The troops of the allies have fared no better. Pestilence has added its horrors, and the ships and camps of the Brazilians are like sepulchres when occupied by the dead, and those who bury the dead. Yet will it be believed that our ministers accredited to the allies represented "the beginning of the end" as close at hand, and the defeat of Paraguay as certain, in the correspondence given to Parliament last March? Notwithstanding the failure of their prophecies, they have repeated them in the very same key in the papers lately presented to both Houses! Our minister at Rio, sometimes disagrees with our minister at Buenos Ayres. At times our minister at Monte Video agrees with one and disagrees with the other; but more generally he differs from both, yet unfortunately his independent opinions, given honestly and according to the amount of evidence he possessed, are sadly at variance with the facts, and with what his judgment would have been had he furnished himself with more correct information about the more remote and obscure of the belligerent Powers. Thus Mr. Lettsome addresses Lord Stanley in the highest terms of eulogy concerning the conduct of the troops under Marshal Lopez, the Paraguayan Commander and President; but declares he does not know whether to account for their extraordinary devotion by love or fear; his idea obviously being that Lopez is a tyrant and dictator like Flores, who usurps the Government of the country to which he is accredited. The truth being that Lopez is the idol of his country because of his bravery, wisdom, and virtue. Mr. Lettsome generously expresses to Lord Stanley the hope that, however the war ends, Paraguay may have a better Government! Probably there is not in the world a Government so constitutional, free, and

devoid of corruption as that of Paraguay, and Lopez is its very type, and representative. Mr. Lettsome properly conveys to Lord Stanley the desire that some disinterested country possessing the power (he no doubt points to England, France, or the United States) should step in and enforce mediation. Mr. Lettsome is not well served by his agents. The other ministers in reporting alleged facts, the number of troops employed, and the distances, make the most egregious blunders. No person, whether by reading, travel, or intercourse, acquainted with the southern portion of the South American continent can read these despatches without amazement at the scanty local information of their authors. One of our ministers describes Lopez as a soldier who was educated in France, and was a military student there, whereas he received his education altogether at Asuncion, the capital of his country. One of the despatches informs Lord Stanley that Lopez joined the French forces in the Crimea and served there, whereas he never set foot in the Crimea, never served with the French army anywhere, and when the French army proceeded to the Crimea, the Marshal (then in an inferior rank) was on his way home from a diplomatic mission to Europe. Neither Lopez or a single soldier of the Paraguayans was ever under fire before this war. Thus no reliance can be placed by the public upon the accuracy of these despatches, and if they would learn the real nature and probable consequences of this war they must obtain it from more impartial sources. As matters now are, the Brazilians have been repulsed by sea and land; the cholera ravages their forces; Brazil has wasted all the treasure borrowed for this war in England; she is thirty-five millions sterling in debt, with scarcely more than five millions of inhabitants. Buenos Ayres, over six millions sterling, and her army in the field is reduced to about 2,000 men—even these she cannot support without supplies from Brazil. The tyrant Flores has no longer an army in the campaign, and is devoid of resources. The press of Rio Janeiro has turned against the Government, and bitterly upbraids its falsehood and treachery, declaring the cause of the allies lost. Paraguay remains undaunted, her army and navy small, her arms and munitions abundant, no debt, and with a revenue exceeding her peace expenditure, and so far having met the costs of the war. She has, moreover, a just cause—the cause of freedom and independence, and ought to have the sympathy of the civilised world.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER.

THOSE who have failed to find anything ludicrous in the existence of compound householders, or in a system of collecting rates which worked to the general advantage of the community, will take some interest in two letters on the subject which last week appeared in the *Telegraph*. The writer of one of them says:—

"I occupy a house, for which I pay £30 per annum, the landlord paying taxes. I have just received notice from the clerk of the parish, informing me that for the future I must pay their collector the taxes. I find they will amount to about £8. On receipt of the above I applied to my landlord for the necessary reduction, but instead of £8 he says he can only allow me £5, that being the amount he paid on account of my house, it being compounded with others. My rent now stands at £25, and taxes £8. I therefore suffer a loss of £3 per annum. Then, again, judging from the class of people in my immediate neighbourhood, I think that there will be a great many absentees when the collector calls for his rates, and if I understand rightly, those who stay will have to pay for the runaways. I must confess I do not see any room for congratulation."

The other complainant writes as follows:—

"Notice has been served on all compound householders that on and after September 29, each householder will have to pay the taxes, and may deduct the amount from the landlord. The landlord says, 'No, you don't. Your house is rated to me at £8. You will be rated under the new law at £14, which is equal to an advance of rent of 1s. per week; and as I cannot afford to pay the extra rate, I gave you notice that on and after September 29 your rent will be advanced one shilling per week.' These notices have been served by hundreds of landlords. Now, Sir, allow me to say a few words as to the collecting the rates. Under the new law all the houses in courts and alleys where the occupiers pay from 2s. 6d. to 4s. per week, defy the law and cannot pay poor's rates, and have not sufficient furniture to pay the brokers' expenses; the landlords of all such houses will get off paying poor's rates on them, and will not reduce the rent, well knowing that their tenants are already distressed, and have nothing for the broker to take. The next class is the respectable mechanic, that must pay the extra rates in addition to his rent, or pay his landlord 1s. per week on his rent."

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A POLICEMAN IN BIRMINGHAM.

At the Public Office, at Birmingham, on Saturday, James Fore, a shearer, 35 years of age, was charged with having, in company with four men not in custody, assaulted Policeman Jackson and thrown him into the canal on Tuesday night last at Friday Bridge, in Birmingham. Jackson stated that while on duty by the side of the canal he was attacked by five men, who struck him with some weapon (a stick probably) on the side, kicked and boxed him, knocked him down, kicked him while down, and when he was disabled lifted him up, carried him to the brink of the canal and dropped him in. He became unconscious in the water, but he afterwards learned that he was picked out by a boatman, and sent in a cab to the hospital, where he recovered. He could not identify the prisoner; he did not know any of the men who attacked him. The witnesses for the prosecution were two lads, who said they were unknown to each other. One named Henry Padmore, being in the neighbourhood of Friday Bridge on Tuesday night, and having just heard that a policeman had been thrown into the canal, saw the prisoner running away. He suspected the prisoner, followed him, overtook him, and asked him "What was up?" The prisoner said "I have been throwing a policeman into the canal because he arrested a friend of mine." Witness asked prisoner's name, and prisoner said "Fox." Witness made no attempt to stop the man, but ran some distance beside him, and then turned round and went to the police-office, where he told what he had seen and heard. Although it was only eleven o'clock at night there was not a single person to be seen in the street while witness was in company with the prisoner. The other lad said he heard five men at a street corner agree to attack Jackson, who was walking by the side of the canal not far off. One of the men, speaking of Jackson, said "That is the fellow as took him." The five men went towards Jackson, and witness followed cautiously to observe them. They attacked Jackson, beat him, and threw him into the canal. Prisoner was one of the men. The defence was an *alibi*. They discharged the prisoner.

PUBLIC OPINION.

AUSTRIA.

ONE of the most curious signs of the times is the meeting of Austrians schoolmasters at Vienna. They have gathered to the number of 2,000 from all parts of the empire, Hungary included, and their chief object is the emancipation of the schools from the influence of the priests, and the free choice of the school books by the masters themselves. This is but an instance of the movement which appears to be extending to all parts of the empire. The battle of Sadowa has liberated the minds of millions of Austrians. The most loyal, the most acquiescent, see that they have been governed by a system utterly worthless; that they have paid their taxes and shed their blood for those who, in the hour of danger, could not keep the enemy from the capital. The same conviction may have forced itself on the minds of those in high places; the Government at least acquiesces in the liberty which the people assume. The best test of ordinary, practical, every-day freedom is the state of the press, and there can be no doubt that newspapers now speak as they have never spoken in Austria before. What are to be the tendency and the end of this great movement, which neither the Emperor nor his Minister, nor a powerful aristocracy, nor a united and energetic priesthood can control? The Viennese Court is always obstinately hopeful, and, no doubt, expects to regain power at home and influence abroad. It must give Hungary constitutional government and semi-independence; the various nationalities or provinces which make up the empire must be conciliated; men of mark must be coaxed and cajoled; and if all be successful, the old fabric may not only hold together, but cohere with more than its former firmness. But he must be a bold man who would predict the continued union of all those races under the same sceptre.—*Times*.

LAMBETH AND GENEVA.

There is something very painful in the contrast between the Geneva and Lambeth conferences. In the one we have a few ill-considered, passionate, enthusiastic, iconoclastic words, going straight to the heart of a multitude, throwing a congress that had never any element of usefulness in it into wild confusion, but still finding an echo in thousands of thousands of restless hearts. In the other we have the promise of a few solemn, tame, formal discussions, to be conducted by dignified men in a carefully regulated order—discussions none of which even touch the life-spring or malady of the Church—and the result of which will and must be simply nil. Nobody who is not an Anglican clergyman cares a rush about the matter, and many who are very earnest Anglican clergymen care just as little. The ill-regulated evangelists have all the life and warmth and heat to themselves. The regulated evangelists come flocking over the whole diameter of the globe to confess that they have nothing to say to each other which can by a possibility stimulate one additional current of human love or thought. They will go through all the proper forms in the most proper and solemn way, and will talk of "letters commendatory," and suffragan subordination to metropolitans, and the oaths of obedience missionaries ought to take, and will be addressed by the Bishop of Ilfracombe, and blessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will pass three formal resolutions, and will sit away, each back to his blameless home, and leave all just as it was before, the millions of Europe preferring still, a thousand times, to listen to the great Red Shirt, with his passionate outburst of patriotic fraternities, to hearing the whispered babble of the mild, lawn-sleeved, white surpliced men who call themselves "rulers" of the Church of the Son of Man.—*Spectator*.

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKING MEN.

We have had so much of the British working man of late years that there is a sort of melancholy satisfaction in seeing that other countries as well as our own have their share of the same sort of palaver which has become so inexpressible tiresome to us. The working men lately assembled in congress at Lausanne have completely re-assured us on this point. There is, to say the very least, as large an amount of working-man cant in other parts of Europe as there is in England, and there is no reason either to fear or to hope that it will be seriously diminished in our time. Such accounts as have reached us of the proceedings of the congress—and they are, we must own, somewhat meagre—are not the less worthy of attention because their intrinsic importance cannot be called great. It is the characteristic of all movements in their infancy that those who take part in them have a strong taste for the vague handling of enormous subjects. It is not probable that discussions upon the advantages or otherwise of machinery, on "banks of mutual credit," on the expediency of dealing with the £20,000,000 which at present stands to the credit of British workmen in saving banks by shifting it from those institutions into co-operative stores, and others of the same sort, will lead to more practical results than the resolutions in favour of secular education, the demands for "new codes of morals and republican catechisms," the approbation awarded to "phonetic orthography," and the questions raised about the nationalisation of landed property, and discussed, according to the *Times* correspondent, by "three Germans who knew no French, and three Frenchmen who knew no German." Even the cheers for the "universal social democratic republic" with which the proceedings ended need not shake any nerves which are not very easily shaken.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WORKING MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

We hope to see working men in Parliament. How many Radicals like Mr. Dillwyn (and he is only worth noticing as a type) would one gladly give up for one honest, resolute working man, with views probably wrong on many points, but at all events his own, not taken up like an overcoat, to be put on or thrown off at pleasure, with a political creed centring in some broader principle than the abominableness of church rates! Granting, however, that the working man in Birmingham or any other large constituency could light upon a working man to represent them, who should unite honesty, earnestness, political thoroughness, with sagacity, and ability in thinking and speaking, there remains a danger to be guarded against, of which working men require to be distinctly warned. A popular artisan may, through mere defect in manner, find his influence in Parliament almost a nullity. The very necessity of his being paid for his services will have a tendency to mark him out in the House of Commons as one of a distinct caste. This is inevitable; but its isolating power may be overcome by the personal merit of the man himself. If, however, want of breeding be grossly perceptible the prejudices will be quickened into activity. Not alone the fastidious political loungeur from Brookes's or the Carlton, but the ordinary man of culture, the ordinary man of the world, the average Member of Parliament, in fact, will shrink from the intrusion of an unpleasant and an alien element into the House. This mistake is the more to be deprecated, because it would be so easily avoided. The standard of good breeding, or even of good manners, in the House of Commons is not very high; many respectable M.P.'s do violence to their aspirates and vex the shade of Lindley Murray. But there is, after all, a certain standard, a certain tone is kept up, and if a small body of men, distinguished at the same time by other peculiar differences, were markedly below this standard, and out of accord with this tone, more than half the advantage to be gained by having workmen in the House of Commons would be lost. For this is quite certain, that the working class members, like the Irish or Scotch members, will exercise influence far more by the social rapport which they will establish between their own class and the middle class, than by speeches or by votes. If the working men are wise enough to choose rightly, they will find no difficulty in getting men who will do honour to their choice.—*Spectator*.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

A RETROSPECT OF DONCASTER AND THE NEW-MARKET AUTUMN HANDICAPS.

PLACED beyond all doubt is the superiority of Achievement to the rest of her year, and in future there will be no more attempts to cast a stain on the escutcheon of the flying sister to Lord Lyon. Fit and well the modern Crucifix commanded success last year, and with The Hake and Plaudit—her only conquerors in her young days, at a time, too, when she was manifestly below the mark—*hors de combat*—she now shines in her former glory, and has proved herself a worthy occupier of a niche in the gallery of Leger winners. The rivalry between the "horse" and the "mare" was the subject of warm contention up to the fall of the flag on Wednesday last, their immortal parties each being brimful of confidence in the prowess of their representative, with how much reason all the world now knows. Achievement, pulling hard all the way, had the race in hand, when she took the lead nearly half a mile from home, and although Custance, too well aware of the daughter of Paradigm's turn of speed, "came" with Hermit as soon as they had rounded the bend, his resolute horse-manship was powerless to turn the tide, and Achievement by a length, with Hermit second, was the verdict which brought out the enthusiasm of the "tykes," and gave the mare a real Yorkshire ovation as she gaily walked back to the stand. Without wishing to make idle excuses for Hermit, whom I stood to the last, it is apparent that a deal of unnecessary nonsense was talked about his being short of preparation for the Derby, as he did not beat Vauban much further here than at Epsom, and it was manifest at a glance that the Duke of Beaufort's colt was decidedly stale. Newmarket's stock generally ran better when rather above themselves, and Hermit might have played a better part had he not done so much strong work for this occasion. Unfettered with orders, as I am told was the case before the Oaks, Dover confined Achievement to very lenient tasks after York, and he was thus enabled to bring her out again big and blooming, so that to him must be attributed a large share in the victory. Considering his small stud, Dover has been singularly fortunate, for, in addition to winning two Legers in succession with a brother and sister, the Derby, Two Thousand, One Thousand, two Cambridgeshires, and two Champagnes have fallen to his lot. Julius was either overdone in the spring or else he has improved much of late, as his accomplished trainer sent him to the post the perfection of fitness, and he ran at least 14lb better than he has done previously in weight-for-age company. Vauban, who had beaten him decisively upon their five previous meetings, was now quite three lengths behind him, and had he not twisted a plate and thrown another at the bend, he might have been nearer than a good third. Hermit, as it was, only finished a head before him, while at Stockbridge last year, in the Derby, and also at Ascot, the son of Seclusion was a long way ahead of the second Newmarket crack. My summing up of Challenge and Fervacques was true to the letter, as both were out of their element, and did no better than the uncertain pair, Taraban and The Palmer, both of whom, in fact, showed to decidedly better advantage than the Anglo-Frenchman. Taraban (wonders will never cease!) actually led the lot for a mile and a quarter, and in the Doncaster Stakes on Friday he further astonished the talent by running as game as a pebble, and getting home a head in front of Vauban, who, however, could not move in his center, and was giving the Whitehall chestnut 5lb—albeit, treble that allowance in weight would not have brought the pair together previously, either at Epsom, Goodwood, or York. Few large winners are reported over the Leger; but the Marquis of Hastings, after dropping a lot over Vauban, Challenge, and Hermit, had a handsome balance on the right side; and Mr. Hobson and Mr. Sutton are also reported to have done good strokes of business, the latter having accepted 5,000 to 1,000 about Achievement at Ascot. With their right-hand man, Fordham, absent through a domestic affliction, Danebury met with more than one "take back," Seville's Yorkshire Handicap and Minnie Warren's Nursery being counterbalanced by the Inez, Earl, Lecturer, Prince Louis, Vauban and Challenge overthrows. Seville is undoubtedly a good fair mare, but the mysterious position which she occupied in the market to within two hours of the start was simply disgraceful, and the least said is the best. The four principal two-year old races were most disastrous to backers, as my selected Blue Gown, after winning the Champagne, was disqualified, and, with 7 to 4 on him, finished absolutely last in the 100 Sovs Sweepstakes on Friday. The Parson and the Earl, with copious odds on, having in the interim come to grief. Certainly, the most aggravating circumstance of the week was the Champagne, and the consternation among the followers of Sir Joseph Hawley's stable when Wells drew the 2lb. over weight knew no bounds. So contrary have things gone with the Kentish baronet of late that it was most mortifying both to Sir Joseph and his trainer to have victory snatched from them when it was fairly their own, and Wells's culpability cannot be questioned. So full did the scale fall with the extra 2lb. against Wells that it was thought he could have drawn a bit more, and Watson, the trainer of Virtue, demanded that his exact weight should be taken, but as soon as he had pulled the stipulated disqualifying weight, Admiral Rous most properly ordered him out of the scales. How Mr. Manning passed Wells out appears to me the most incomprehensible part of the business, more especially as it is now openly stated that it has been a common practice among some of the heavy jockeys to do a pound or two over by a toing process. More will yet be heard of this decidedly nasty business, and stringent measures, I trust, taken to prevent a recurrence of an affair which in this instance made a difference of about £10,000 to Sir Joseph Hawley. Doyle, who is now connected with Watson's stable, through some of Mr. Eastwood's horses being located there, had a personal animus against Wells over the Hippia and D'Estournel objection at Ascot Spring last year, and was the instigator of the proceedings which led to the exposure.—*Asmodeus*.

AQUATICS.

HOPE CLUB V. AUZAI CLUB.—The four-oared race between the members of these below-bridge clubs took place on Saturday, from the Dreadnought Hospital Ship to Charlton, a distance of four miles, with the following result:—

Hope Club	Auzai Club
1. H. Brown	1. G. B. Clifford
2. G. Brown	2. R. F. Richmond
3. C. Miles	3. F. E. Tyler
4. W. Fletcher	4. H. Hawkes
J. ix n (cox.)	W. Clifford (cox.)

Mr. J. K. Edwards was umpire. Hope had the best station, and took the lead, both crews rowing as badly as can well be imagined; they held a lead of half a length for about 100 yards, when the Auzai came up by the Hope coxswain boring; the other gave way, and repeatedly lost chances of winning the race by bad steering. Near home the Albion, Margate boat, nearly swamped the Auzai, and they struggled home full of water in 23 minutes, Hope winning by four lengths. The winning boat was by Simmonds, of Putney, and the prize was a handsome silver cup and a bet of £10.

A DIFFERENT CONSTRUCTION.—*Chambers's Journal* states that in some parts of Germany railways are now constructed without wood. Well! What of that? In some parts of England they are constructed without money, which is much more strange!—*Fun*.

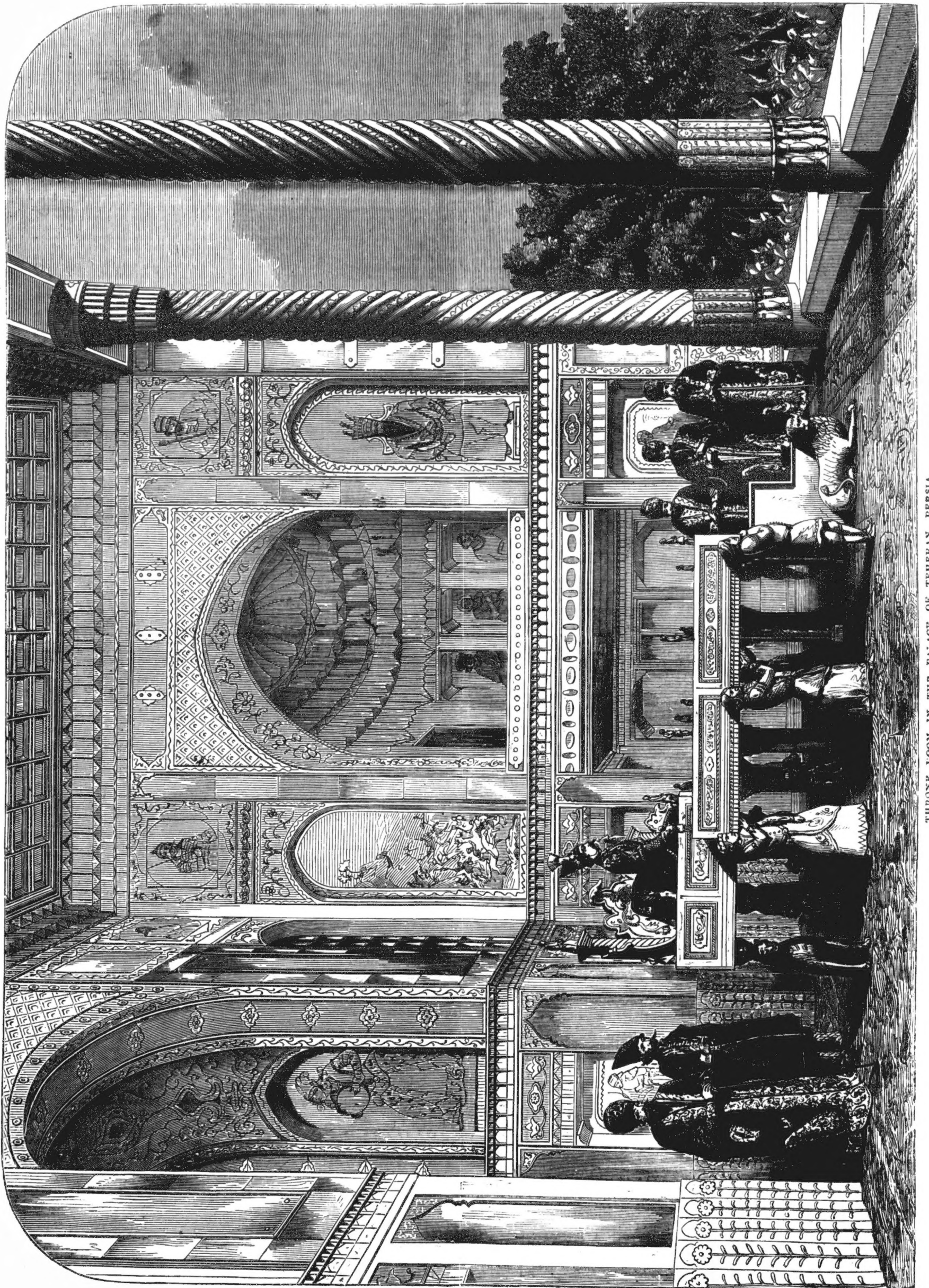
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—This favourite house of the Northern Londoners was opened for the season on Saturday night, when two farces and a play which had already gained approval at Drury Lane were presented for the entertainment of a house so crowded that money was turned away from the door. The theatre has been newly decorated; and every exertion appears to have been made to promote the comfort of the audience. The first farce was "Change of Name," in which the low comedy part was played by Mr. Walter Searle. One of Mr. Fitzball's spectacular dramas, entitled "Azazel; or, The Prodigal Son," which was played under Mr. Anderson's management "by Her Majesty's servants," formed the *piece de resistance*. The principal character is one which exactly suits Miss Marriott, and which she can probably play better than nine out of ten other actresses who would undertake the part. The play is very melodramatic, and abounds in florid speeches, which give sufficient scope to Mr. Lorraine's and Miss Marriott's power of declamation. Mr. Lorraine will be remembered from his recent engagement at the Princess's, where he supported Miss Glyn in "Anthony and Cleopatra." He has considerable advantage of person, and a musical voice. The play was exceedingly well mounted; the ballets pleased the audience; and, upon the whole, the company is the strongest that has been assembled in Sadler's Wells since the leasehold of Mr. Phelps. After "Azazel" an address, written by Mr. Linnaeus Banks, was spoken by Miss Marriott and the company, who, as Artemus Ward used to say, "spoke their piece" so well that it is a pity that they had not a better piece to speak. But when an author rhymes "hoast barks" to a "world of taxes," and "foreign policy" to "hint from she," the best thing that can be done for him is to let him drop into the oblivion he seems to court. The farce of "Mr. and Mrs. White," concluded the entertainment, and sent the audience home very well contented.

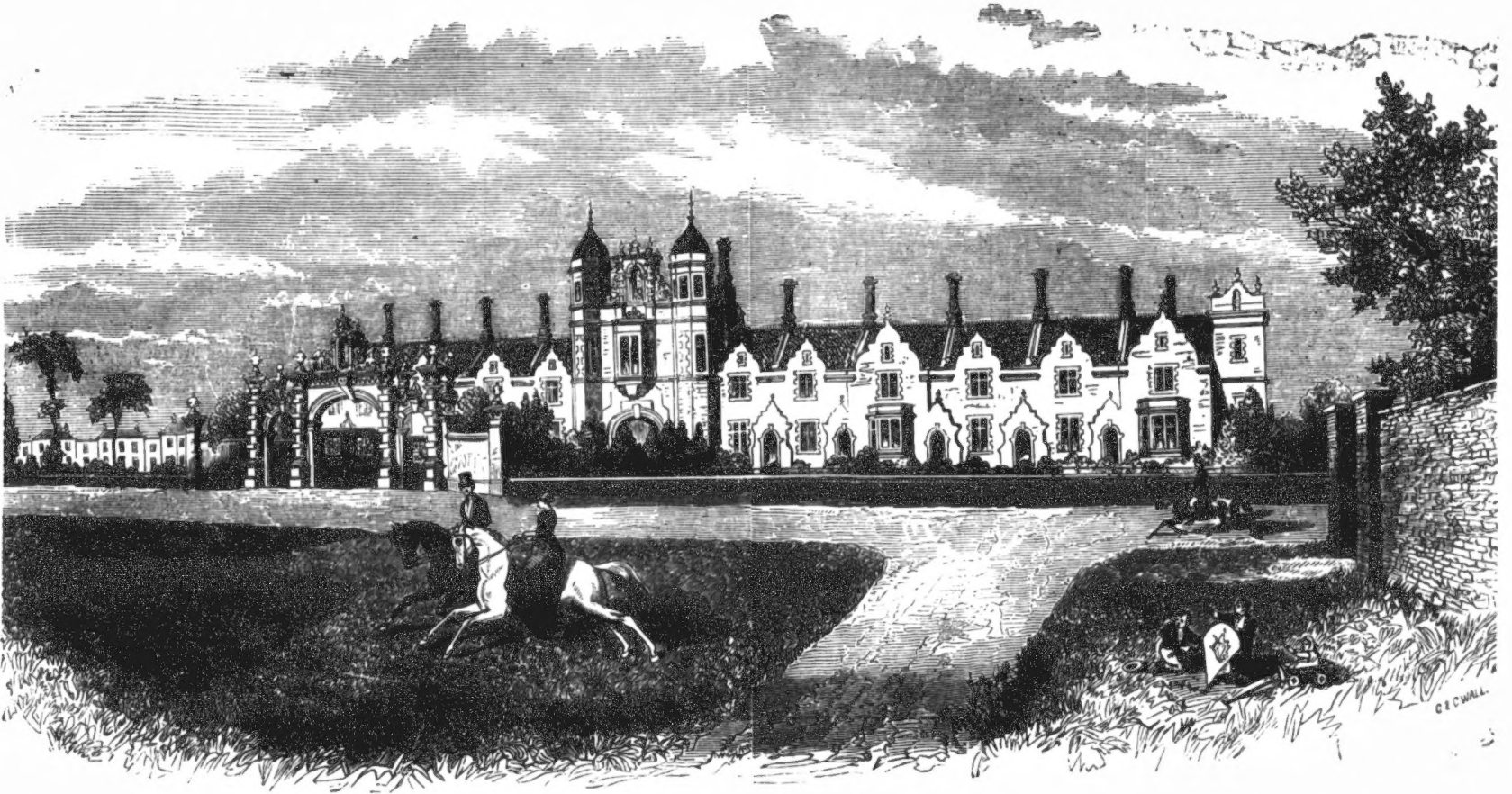
SURREY THEATRE.—This house commenced its season on Saturday with a new three-act drama, from the pen of Mr. Watts Phillips, under the title of "Nobody's Child." The piece, which is of the true Surrey sensational stamp, is replete with telling incidents, and is placed upon the stage in that admirable manner for which the house has long been famous. The scenery is heavy, and reflects the highest credit upon the painters, Messrs. William and Albert Callcott, who, on more than one occasion, were compelled to bow their acknowledgments in response to the shouts of applause with which the work was received. The plot is laid in Cornwall, and the audience is first introduced to a village amongst the rocks, in which the Tregarvon estates are situated. Nobody's Child is a half-witted, uneducated youth, who in his early days was cast on shore by the waves, and who serves as a butt for the practical jokes of the boys of the neighbourhood. This character is well sustained by Mr. Crawshaw. He has, however, friends and protectors in Patty, the postmaster's niece (Miss Pouncefort), and Miss Lucy Tregarvon (Miss Emma Robbards), whom he is consequently ever anxious to serve. Peter Grice, the postmaster (Mr. Voltaire), a man devoid of conscience and feeling, was in his byword twitted from Tregarvon Castle by its then owner, and, in revenge, determined one day to become master of the estates, and drive forth the Tregarvons. To accomplish this object he devotes his life, and gradually buys up a large number of mortgages on the property. Another man, Captain Lazonby (Mr. E. F. Elgar), is also acting the villain at the same time, his object being to marry Miss Tregarvon, and so become possessed of her property; and, in order to do so, he meets Lucy at the "Fairy Well," and, after unsuccessfully urging his suit, endeavours to drive her to submission by threatening to publish certain letters which she had written to him whilst at a boarding school, proposing an elopement. Joe, happening to be concealed in the neighbourhood of the well whilst the conversation is taking place, determines to thwart the persecutor of his friend. The uncle of Lucy dies in the Bay of Biscay, and his will is entrusted to Jack Adams, a sailor, to deliver to Lucy. Peter Grice meets the sailor and discovers his errand, and being afraid that if the will arrives at its destination he will be cheated of his revenge by having his claims paid off, endeavours to get possession of it, but is unable to do so. He therefore makes the man drunk, and directs him by a most dangerous path amongst the rocks to the Castle. Jack falls down the ravine and is killed. His body is recovered, but the will is missing. Patty in the meantime has been working wondrous changes in Joe, and, instead of the timid, half-witted youth, he is a few hours hence a courageous, sensible man; and it is he who makes everything end as it should do. He has heard Peter Grice's soliloquy with reference to the lost will, and determines to recover it at the risk of his own life. He descends the ravine and secures the will, but in endeavouring to return he finds he has fallen into a position from which he cannot extricate himself. Patty appears in the nick of time, and after fastening one end of a rope to a tree flings the other down the ravine to Joe. The tree breaks, and Joe is in danger of being precipitated to the bottom, but Patty, with a shriek, hangs on the rope, and succeeds in holding it until Joe gains his footing at the top, when she faints in his arms. The scene then changes to the interior of Tregarvon Castle, with Grice in the act of claiming the property. Joe is employed as the man in possession, which he thinks will give him an opportunity of delivering the will into the hands of Lucy. In the last scene Captain Lazonby enters Lucy's chamber at night, but the lady rejects his addresses and drives him from her by pointing a gun at his head. He is about to make his escape when Joe appears and quietly asks that he should hand over the letters with which he had been terrifying Lucy, and Lazonby, in return, asks Joe for the will, for which he offers £100. Joe refuses the money, but at the same time sets about examining the notes, and whilst doing so he is attacked by Lazonby with a knife. A struggle ensues in which Joe is slightly wounded, and Lazonby obtains possession of the will, which he threatens to throw into the sea. A second struggle ensues, and Joe proves the victor, flinging the captain head foremost out of the window. Lucy, alarmed by the noise, discharges the gun, and Patty at the same time rings the alarm bell, which brings the whole company upon the scene. The will is then delivered to Lucy Tregarvon, and Patty introduces Joe to the amazed throng as her future husband. With the exception of a few slight mishaps to the machinery, the piece passed off admirably, and, to judge from the reception it met with from the overflowing audience of Saturday, there can be little doubt that "Nobody's Child" will remain on the Surrey boards for some time to come.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

The picture of Abyssinia painted by the *Times* is grossly erroneous. Though the Red Sea basin is notoriously hot, and in various parts pregnant with disease, yet the table-lands and the highlands which make up Abyssinia proper are both cool and healthy. Nor do the latest reports confirm the earlier apprehensions as to the deficiency of supplies. We already knew that the country abounds with sheep, goats, and cattle; that the coast furnishes an abundance of emels; and that mules and asses are plentiful in the highlands. There is no lack of wood, water, and grass, so that in the country itself an army has the elements of subsistence. Abyssinia, moreover, is surrounded on all sides by camel-driving, flock-breeding Mussulmans, who, if tempted by a liberal price, will only be too pleased to afford supplies and transport for the purpose of attacking their so-called Christian brethren. Bearing all these facts in mind, we see that the enterprise is not hopeless, but hopeful; that, if due preparation be made for the attack, success is certain; and therefore the wisest plan is to strike strongly and strike soon.—*Telegraph*.



THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE OF TEHERAN, PERSIA.



THE FISHMONGERS' AND POULTERERS' ALMSHOUSES.—TOTTENHAM.

The Poisoner's Daughter:

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER V.—(CONCLUDED.)

He was met at the head of the stairs by a stout serving man bearing a lamp, to whom he said, quickly, "Attend to the wants of these gentlemen, Richard," and then turned into a well furnished apartment, the sole occupant of which was a grave, sad-looking lady, perhaps forty years of age, clad in black.

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed the dwarf, as he tenderly placed the beautiful and insensible Lenora upon a bed. "Quick! it is she—my queen! It is Lady Lenora, bleeding to death."

The lady seemed much surprised and alarmed; but she moved about Lenora with the air of one by no means unaccustomed to stop the flow of blood.

A touch of a small bell summoned a servant woman to the room, and both directed all their attention to the care of the young lady. "Louis," said the lady in black, turning to the Dwarf, who seemed to be in an ecstasy of admiration as his dark and sparkling eyes dwelt steadily upon Lenora's face, "were it not better that you attend to the wants of this lady's friends?"

"Ah, I had forgotten them," he replied, but still lingering as if reluctant to leave the presence of Lenora.

His mother, who possessed a lofty though sad countenance, darted upon him a look of severe rebuke, mingled with sorrow, and said:—"My son, withdraw. It is not seemly that you should be present now, nor is it hospitable to those who have sought our protection."

The dwarf stifled a reply, and after casting a look of devotion upon Lenora, hastened away.

CHAPTER VI. THE RIVER DWARF.

LORD ALBERT and Sir James, wounded and faint, exchanged glances of surprise as they saw the dwarf spring up the stairs with Lenora in his arms; and Lord Albert said, as he sank heavily upon the floor—

"We are at a pretty pass, Sir James, when a dwarf like that snatches from our arms a fair lady, and bears her away without our being able to say nay. Who is he?"

"I have seen that fellow before—" began the knight, but as the servant Richard was now descending the stairs he checked the speech, and both gentlemen turned their eyes upon Richard.

The light of the lamp borne by the stout servant, added to that streaming from one hanging from the ceiling of the hall, enabled the cavaliers to see plainly about them, and they noticed that the small hall ended at the foot of the stairs, and that there were no doors except the strong oaken and iron-fastened postern through which they had entered.

The torch thrown aside by the dwarf when he seized Lenora, lay smouldering upon the floor, and as Richard reached the bottom of the stairs he placed his broad sole upon it, and trod it out, saying:—

"The master has gone daft to toss such a thing upon the floor, with a thousand pounds of gunpowder not five feet away."

"Put it out quickly then, my friend," said Sir James, who leaned his wearied frame against the wooden wall. "It were bad luck to be blown perhaps to the devil after so narrow an escape from his lips, Dick of Kent."

At the first sound of the knight's voice the servant had passed abruptly over the still smoking brand, his foot raised, his mouth wide open, and his great blue eyes staring wildly at the masked face of the speaker; but when Sir James said "Dick of Kent," he let fall his lamp, uttered a cry of mingled rage and terror, and placed his hand upon the hilt of a great knife which he wore in his leathern belt, saying:—

"Friend or foe! It is dangerous for either to trifle with 'Dick of Kent.'"

"Pick up that lamp, man," cried Sir James, as he drew off his mask of rags. "Would you blow us up, Dick?"

No sooner had Dick glanced at the handsome, hearty face of the knight, than he uttered a cry of joy, set the lamp upon its base, and throwing himself upon his knees at the feet of Sir James, seized the gloved hand of the cavalier and pressed it to his lips, saying:—

"My dear young master; and still alive!"

"Yes, Dick, my faithful friend, but look to the Earl of Branchland, who, I verily believe, has swooned," replied Sir James.

"The earl! Is it the earl?" cried Dick, leaping to his feet and springing to the side of Lord Albert. "True," he muttered, as he removed the mask from the pallid face of the now unconscious nobleman; "it is the good Lord Albert of Branchland."

By this time the rickety stairs were trembling under the hasty steps of the dwarf, and Dick said no more. His master stooped to aid him in raising the earl, but recognising the proud though unconscious face, exclaimed, as he drew himself erect:—

"Ha! the original of that picture which she wears in her bosom! Is it her brother?"

"Whose brother, my master?"

"Hers—the Lady Lenora; or has she a brother, or had she ever one?" demanded the dwarf, greatly agitated, and in a tremulous voice.

Dick of Kent, not understanding this incoherent speech, could only stare.

"If you mean the lady whom you bore away, my friend," said Sir James, growing impatient, "be assured that she has no brother, and never had, within my knowledge. But devils alive, man, call aid to my noble friend, Albert, Earl of Branchland, who will bleed to death while you are croaking questions."

"Albert! Ah, that is the name which is inscribed upon the picture!" muttered the dwarf. "He is her lover. Fool that I was, to think a maiden so fair could have no lover! And doubtless she loves him."

He said no more, but stooping again, and aided by Dick, raised the earl, carried him up the stairs, and then into an unoccupied apartment.

"This comes of following a mad King and a crazy lover," reflected Sir James, resting himself as best he could against the wall, while his eyes followed the body of his friend till it could no longer be seen. "We were doing well over yonder among the Dutch lads and lasses, waiting for Old Noll to die, when both King and lover must take it into their brains to run their heads, and my head, too, into the lion's mouth. I was ever an ass, but never were my ears so long as when I joined in this madcap freak."

A twinge of his wound extorted a groan and a malediction, and he continued:—

"I can excuse Charles, for he is after a throne; but Albert!—bah! all for a pretty face, a queenly form, and a pair of red lips. Yet the lady is amazingly fair. Devil take the crop-eared knave who left me this bit of a steel as a keepsake, and twenty devils take that long-eared dwarf who leaves me here so long alone! A flask of rare old brandy, now, would be better to my heart than a feast."

The impatience of the knight was soon ended by the hasty return of Dick of Kent, bearing a flask of the very liquor for which he longed.

"Taste of this, Sir James; it will do you a world of good," said Dick, placing the flask in his hands.

"What is it, Dick? None of your doctor's stuff for me," replied the knight, as he clapped his nose to the bottle. "What! brandy! Dick, thou hast the learning of all the doctors in Europe. Long live King Charles the Second of England!" and with these words the knight glued his lips to the mouth of the flask, while Dick's eyes danced with admiration.

"Has Daddy long-Legs much of this, Dick?" asked the knight, as he paused to catch breath. "I mean your present master; for if he has, I'll cultivate his esteem, though he is of most ungainly shape. But how is it with the earl?"

"He has revived, my master, and Mr. Louis has stopped the flow of blood."

"Mr. Louis? And what other name does Hop-over-my-Thumb rejoice in, Dick?"

"Harvey! His name is Louis Harvey! But let me assist you up the stairs, my master. No sooner did the earl open his eyes than he asked for you."

"And the young lady? How is it with Mistress Lenora?" asked Sir James, as he accepted the strong arm of his friend.

"That I know not, as she is in another room, under the care of Madam Harvey!"

Dick's further remarks were interrupted by a thundering rap upon the door, followed by a loud:—

"Open! in the name of the Commonwealth of England! Open!"

"Wait a moment," called out Dick, through the key-hole. "My master has the key. Who is that out there?"

"You will see when we enter," was the gruff reply. "Go call your master, or get the key—hurry, or down goes your door."

"Amuse yourself, my friend, by trying to knock your head

against it, while I get the key," replied Dick, grinning as he glanced at the bars and bolts which covered the thick door. "Come, Sir James, let us go up."

Renewed danger had aroused the wearied energies of the knight, so that he mounted the stairs without assistance.

Meanwhile the earl, who had revived, as Dick had stated, regarded the face of the dwarf with close attention. It was a proud and not unhandsome face, though pervaded by that melancholy expression ever to be found in the faces of the deformed. Dark, lustrous, and daring eyes beamed beneath a broad and intellectual forehead, and a thin, coal-black moustache shaded his well-formed, full-lipped mouth. The head and face were noble in form; but the short, broad body, the long, thin legs and arms, long hands and fingers—long, indeed, for the size of the body—caused the observer to forget the noble face and see only the ungainly form.

The dwarf had dropped the mantle he usually wore, and the huge garments which clad his limbs could not conceal their ugliness.

He, too, regarded the earl fixedly, envying while he hated that lofty, symmetrical figure, strong, graceful, and elegant; those handsome, manly, dignified features, so expressive of courage, intellect, command, and generosity.

"You called me mannikin," said the long-limbed dwarf, suddenly, as his eyes sparkled, "yet tall and stout as you are, I'll wage my life that these hands could throttle you."

The earl had not ceased to regard him with strange earnestness, for the earl was an artist as well as a soldier and scholar, and he was comparing those features with those of another, the resemblance being so startling in some characteristics as to cause his heart to beat fast.

The bright and splendid eyes, the broad, fair, and noble brow, the beautiful lips of this deformed dwarf resembled astonishingly those of the peerless Lenora, whose beauty had ravished the soul of the earl, causing his pride of birth to yield to his passion.

He took no notice of the covert challenge of the dwarf, but gazing upon him earnestly, said:—

"Is it possible that you are a relative of Mistress Lenora Brame? How near?"

"I a relative of Lady Lenora!" exclaimed the dwarf, amazed. "I? No, my lord. My name is Louis Harvey!"

"Enough," said the earl, waiving the subject. "I thank you, Master Harvey! for your care and attention to myself and the lady, and at some future time I trust I may reward—"

"Reward!" cried Louis, sharply and angrily. "I ask no reward for any service I may render Lady Lenora. And," he said haughtily, in his harshest tone, "when I ask reward from you, my lord, it may be asked in a shape you may not like."

"You are a strange character, Master Louis," replied the earl, unable to comprehend this speech. "But I am your debtor, perhaps, for my life—"

"Perhaps!" interrupted the proud dwarf, with scornful vehemence, as he pointed to a vial upon the table. "But for my use of that essence, your swoon would have been eternal in this world. You were already within the jaws of death, my lord. A few moments more had seen you a corpse."

"So bad as that?" remarked the earl, gravely. "Then I am all the more indebted to you, Master Louis. You seem, however, to hold some grudge against me—why, I know not."

"We may speak of that hereafter, Lord Albert," broke in the dwarf, sternly. "I have no grudge, my lord, but a deadly feud—you shall know in time why. You are wounded and weak, and therefore I will be your friend until your full strength be restored. You are my guest, as ill chance has made it, and therefore I am your host. You came with the Lady Lenora, serving her, and therefore I am, for the time, your fellow servant."

Before the bewildered earl could frame an answer, Dick of Kent and Sir James entered the room, the former saying:—

"Master Louis, this is my former master, Sir James Howard, and I pray you to examine his wound in the chest."

"Sir James Howard?" said the dwarf, hastening to examine the wound. Sir James once befriended an unfortunate boy whose deformity made him an object of ridicule to a mob of young knaves, and that boy is happy to pluck this bit of steel from his ribs. Stand firm, Sir James, while I pull. Give me that pair of forceps, Richard—so. Steady, Sir James—the lint, Richard. Now," and with an exertion of great strength he drew forth the point of the rapier which had well nigh sent the gallant knight to his final home.

"And now, Richard," continued the dwarf, as he skilfully attended to the bleeding wound under his thin fingers, "what means that thumping at the entrance door?"

"Some one demands instant admittance in the name of the Commonwealth, my master," replied Dick, with a broad grin, as if he thought the affair a good joke.

"Now, Sir James, rest yourself upon that bed with your friend, the earl, while I attend to this alarm at the door. Come, Richard," said the dwarf, with remarkable coolness for one who was harbouring traitors and outlaws to the laws of the powerful Cromwell. He left the room, followed by Dick, and was soon at the door, where the hammering was hot and furious.

"Open! you knaves! Will you open, or shall we break in?" demanded the gruff voice without.

"Your names and authority?" in turn demanded the dwarf.

"The authority of Lord Cromwell, to seek for traitors and outlaws," was the reply, and the heavy shock against the door proved that those outside were using a heavy beam as a battering ram. Stout as was the door, the dwarf saw that it would yield in time before such assaults.

He turned from the door and made a gesture to Dick, who stood at the head of the stairs. Dick instantly grasped a short bar which was fixed to the top balustrade, and awaited further orders.

"It must be done if there are not too many," muttered the dwarf, as he began to unbolt and unbar the door. "I pledged my sacred honour to Lady Lenora, when last she spoke to me, to defend, even to the death of those who might presume, and to my own, those who sought my aid in her name. I did not dream that I was pledging my soul to defend her lover, but thought she meant the King; but I have passed my oath, and though the act be my ruin, I will keep my word."

"Enter, whoever you may be, and search," said he, harshly, as he swung open the door.

Four men, wearing the well-known badge of the Lord Protector, sprang in, their number, small as it was, almost filling the narrow hall, which, as we have stated, ended abruptly at the foot of the stairs, with no door upon the right or left.

"Hal! dwarf!" cried one, who seemed to be the leader. "You were slow in letting us in, ill-formed hound!"

"And may be slower in letting you out," thought the dwarf, as his eyes sparkled with rage; for any scoff at his deformity aroused his devil in his nature.

"Are you all in, sir? Call all your party in, Master Maler," said the Dwarf, holding the door wide open, while he peered out into the yard.

"We are all here. There are but four in our party," replied the leader, a fierce, brutal-faced man, and one of the most cruel bull-dogs of Cromwell's police of the river. "Enough to manage you, Master Harvey. We've had an eye upon you for a month. Close the door, Giles, or the spider-devil may dart out. I've an old score to settle with you, dwarf!"

"Because I tore witness against you, Master Maler, for that beating you gave a woman, and her loss of a purse," remarked the dwarf, calmly, as his long arms and hands fastened the door again. "In truth, I said but the truth."

"No matter," roared the other, shaking his fist in the face of the dwarf. "I got out of my scrape by the skin of my teeth—let us see if you do not lose your head in getting out of yours. If I find even a hair of a Royalist in your house I will make a rope for your neck, you meddling, spider-legged, crab-bodied malformation of the devil!"

Master Maler's three rough fellows laughed loudly at this string of epithets, but had they understood the flaming wrath which blazed in the lustrous eyes of the insulted dwarf, they would rather have taken their chance for safety in mid-ocean than in that house.

"You are thieves and cut-throats, all of you!" thought the dwarf, "and would plunder me if chance happened. Spider, am I? Well, you are in the spider's web, blue-bottles, so 'ware his bite. Go up, my friends, go up," he said aloud. "Search, and good luck to your search!"

None noticed the keen irony of his face and eye as he bade them ascend the stairs; and keeping close behind each other, Master Maler in front, they began to ascend.

The dwarf remained below, his back against the door, his hands clinging to the chains with which he had fastened it. Dick of Kent, with his person hidden in the shade above, peered over the balustrade with only his face visible.

The four men had reached the middle of the stairs, when the dwarf made a signal to Dick by nodding his head rapidly, and the next instant saw the floor of the hall swing downwards from the foot of the stairs, while the stairs also swung downwards and inwards, becoming perpendicular.

Dick of Kent sprang a trap by pulling at the lever above. This revealed a great pit, into which the two lower men fell instantly, so sudden and unexpected was the fall of the stairs.

But Master Maler and the man immediately behind him remained clinging to the railing of the stairway.

"Treachery! murder!" shouted Maler, striving to climb upwards, and hoarse with terror. A glance downwards had shown him the pit beneath, and the disappearance of his two followers.

The grasp of the man who remained beginning to slip from the smooth and round banister, he clutched at Maler's ankles, and hung to them with the fierce tenacity of despair, while his cries for help were incessant.

The earl and Sir James sprang from the bed upon which they were lying, and hurried to the head of the stairway, determined to battle to death rather than fall into the hands of Cromwell. On seeing the struggle of the wretch to retain his precarious hold, which was growing weaker every instant, the earl called out to the dwarf who was clinging to the door:—

"Master Louis, if consistent with the safety of all, spare these two."

"And lose our own heads," exclaimed the dwarf. "Not I, or we shall all be lost. Richard, that fellow makes too much noise, so end the matter!"

But the agency of Dick of Kent was not needed, for Maler's fingers, unable longer to sustain his own heavy weight, to which was added that of his follower, gave way, and he fell with the other, shrieking with horror as they swept through the air.

There was a splash, as if they had fallen into a bed of ooze, and then the silence was awful. The cavaliers leaned over the balustrade and gazed downwards, but they could see nothing, so deep was the pit and its terrific darkness.

"Do you wish to see better?" shrieked the dwarf. "Throw down a torch, Richard."

Dick of Kent lighted a large flambeau and threw it into the pit.

The cavaliers watched the flaring flame, as it whirled over and over in its descent, until it was buried in the slimy ooze at the bottom of the hideous pit.

The glimpse obtained was but momentary. All was brilliantly lighted up for an instant, and then black darkness shut in the terrible scene. Yet the glare of the whirling, sputtering flambeau lasted long enough to reveal much.

The quick and observant eyes of the cavaliers saw that the depth of the pit was about thirty feet, in dimensions about eight by thirty, and that its walls were slimy and dripping with moisture, while its bottom appeared to be a mass of inky black ooze and mire, in which lay still and stiff the half-buried forms of four men.

The faces of all except that of Maler were downwards, but hat of the leader of the constables was turned upwards, and the cavaliers recoiled as the light of the flambeau, gleaming but for an instant, seemed to draw flashes from his wide-staring eyes.

No doubt all four were slain by the first breath they inhaled of that deadly gas which is ever found at the bottom of miasmatic pits.

"It was my life or theirs—ay, yours or theirs," shouted the dwarf. "Haul up, Richard."

Dick of Kent left the head of the stairs, and the cavaliers soon heard the creaking of a windlass and the squeaking of pulley-blocks, while the stairs slowly rose from a perpendicular to a slanting position, until the bottom step was met by the floor of the hall rising from beneath the door.

Both earl and knight exchanged glances of horror, but made no remark.

Four stout men had suddenly perished, yet the cavaliers felt that the dwarf was right in saying, "It was my life and yours, or theirs."

As soon as the floor of the hall became perfectly level, the agile dwarf bounded over it and sprang up the stairs.

"Even a dwarf may slay a giant," said he, in a grim, triumphant tone, as he stood by the silent cavaliers.

"And their bodies?" asked the earl. "When and how can you remove them?"

"I have plenty of friends, who gladly perform the duties of sexton," replied the unmoved dwarf. "They are already at work, no doubt."

"Friends—working in that horrible pit?" exclaimed the amazed earl.

"I mean the rats," replied the dwarf. "They swarm there in myriads. In a few hours there will not be a bone for them worth picking. But you had better retire to bed, gentlemen, for London will hardly be safe for you many hours hence."

He led the way back to the room in which he had dressed their wounds, and the cavaliers followed him in silence. The icy coolness with which this diminutive personage viewed the horrible death of four smothered men, appalled them.

"Sleep!" thought Sir James, eyeing the dwarf, as he stalked before them. "I shall be ridden by a nightmare in the shape of Sir Dwarf until I am ten years older. I do remember that I once snatched him from the clutches of a rabble of ragged boys, who were about to duck him for his mikelike form."

"Master Harvey," said the earl, "I wish to learn of the welfare of Mistress Lenora ere I sleep. She was grievously wounded."

"True, my lord," quickly said the dwarf, "and there is no better surgeon in all England than my mother, who taught me the healing art; and that I am no quack in surgery let your own frames bear witness. To bed, gentlemen, and sleep while you can."

"Master Harvey," interrupted the earl, with a lordly dignity, which forced the dwarf to silence and attention, "I wish to hear of the lady's welfare within the instant, and unless you see fit to bear me tidings I will see her myself."

"I would fain see them meet," thought the jealous dwarf, and then aloud, "Come with me, my lord, and if proper you will be admitted to the lady's presence."

"And as for me," said Sir James, throwing himself upon the bed, "I'll face my nightmare. A fig for the sleepless eyes of love."

"Love! I know nothing of love, but much of hate," said the dwarf, as he left the apartment, followed by the earl.

"Hear him," muttered the knight, as he gazed upwards. "He talk of love, the misshapen cat! Fate! No doubt the little devil knows how to hate. Yet, by my fate, he has gratitude too; for he had not forgotten the little service I did him. But his eyes! God's alive! his eyes should be in the head of an Helen of Troy, or a Semiramis. Where have I seen, of late, too, a pair of sparklers very like them—where? I'll puzzle my wits until they sleep upon that riddle. Where saw I—and not long ago—a wondrous resemblance to those eyes of Sir Dwarf?"

After a moment's reflection, the solution of the knight's riddle flashed into his head so suddenly that he rose to a sitting posture, exclaiming:—

"May I die like St. Anthony—starving and plenty—if they were not the eyes of Mistress Lenora. Ha! Dick of Kent, art thou there?"

"Here, my noble master," replied Dick, who had not left the room with the dwarf and earl.

"Then, by my lady, we will have a chat until the earl returns," said Sir James, reclining upon his elbow, while Dick of Kent drew near him.

(To be continued.)

A SPORTSMAN DECAPITATED BY A TRAIN.

ON Friday an accident occurred on the Lancaster and Carlisle branch of the London and North-Western Railway, by which Mr. Joseph Lancaster, of Carlisle, met his death. Deceased had been shooting in the neighbourhood of Southwaite. In coming towards Southwaite Station with the intention of returning to Carlisle by the passenger train leaving at six minutes past eight p.m., he went on to the line from a footpath which runs along a plantation a short distance south of the station. Here he was found about ten minutes after eight o'clock, lying quite dead, with his head about three inches from the rails, and his feet over some signal wires, which ran about a foot in height along the railway bank. One of his dogs was found killed, and lying between the rails at a short distance from his master. The other one was discovered standing over Mr. Lancaster, and would not suffer any one to approach the body, and was obliged to be forcibly removed by means of a noose.

An inquest was held on Saturday.—William Dunlop, husbandman, saw deceased on Friday night walking very fast in the direction of Southwaite Station. It was then about 7.20. He spoke to Mr. Lancaster, asking him if he had had a good day's sport, and he replied, "No; not very good."—George Howells, porter at Southwaite Station, said that the guard of the down train due at Southwaite at 8.6, on arriving at the station told him that he thought he saw a dog lying near the rails, and a man likewise. As soon as the train was despatched, witness went to the place described and found deceased lying dead in the "three foot," at the south end of the west platform. His dog was lying dead in the "four foot." Deceased's face was covered with blood, but he could not tell from whence the blood flowed. There was no appearance of his having been dragged by the engine. He saw the tender of the engine of the 6.40 train from Carlisle to Penrith, and which returned from Pinnell empty, passing Southwaite Station with the tender first, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The engine-man blew the whistle when about a thousand yards from the station in order to signal. The public had no right of way where deceased was found.—William Smith, driver of the engine, did not see anyone on the line and did not experience any shock. Hair was found on one of the wheels of the engine on arriving at Carlisle. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

THE HORRORS OF UNIONISM.

ROBERT MARTIN, a shipwright who has withdrawn from his union and has declared for free trade in labour—dating from Poplar—has addressed a letter to Colonel Maude, Hon. Secretary to the Free Labour Registration Society, describing the condition in which he and his fellow-workmen have placed themselves and their families by the step they have taken. He says that the foremen in most of the shipbuilding yards are favourable to union men—that when he himself got a job from the captain of a vessel in dock at Millwall he was pelted from his work by unionists—and that he has in consequence been compelled to apply for parish relief, which amounts to 3s. 6d. and seven leaves per week for a family of seven. He says that all the men who have left their union and have declared for free trade in labour are in a similar condition, and he asks advice from Colonel Maude. Colonel Maude publishes Martin's letter, and adds that his unvarnished tale of the horrors of unionism is corroborated by many other workmen similarly situated.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."—Thirsty Soul (after several gyrations round a Street Letter-box): "I sh 'like t' know wha' she-e good 'f Gen'lem'n-sh turn'n 'Tea-Tot'ler 'f Gov'm't (Hic) goes-h an' cnt-sh th' Shpouts-h o' th' Pumps off!"

MANSLAUGHTER A-LA-MODE.—We learn by a contemporary, more enlightened than ourselves in fashionable matters, that among some other striking novelties of costume:—"A steel dagger is sometimes worn stuck in the belt, and a small sword is thrust transversely through the chignon." So to carry on the war against poor bachelors and widowers, Venus now is borrowing her armaments from Mars. What with daggers at the waist and small swords in the chignon, our elegantes must surely be able to look killing.

"LETTERS OF CREDIT."—I.O.U.

THE WORSE HORSE WINNING.—Great scandal has been caused at Paris by the rapid progress of the new Opera in comparison with that of the new Hospital. Considering the orgies enacted in the Salle d'Opera at the Carnival balls, one might call it a race in which Hotel Dieu is being beaten by Hotel Diabole.

THIS FOR THAT.—What a ludicrous change the alteration of a single word would sometimes make! An evening paper remarks that "They (the upper classes) must, at whatever cost, and with whatever labour, inoculate the constituencies with their own ideas," &c. Try the substitution of vaccinate (the more modern practice too) for "inoculate."

NEW MEANING.—The Art of Model Farming should now be classed under Mechl-nism.

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT ON RECORD.—Colonel Pearson's.

FUN.

WHY is a widow's costume like a field of turnips?—Because it's (s)wedes!

NOT QUITE PLAIN.—A contemporary states, somewhat curtly, that "it is intended by the Halifax Corporation to apply to Parliament next session for increased water powers." This statement is a little obscure in meaning. Is Halifax desirous of obtaining an increased representation, or does it think the House of Commons the right place to go to for pumps?

CHANGES.—A great promotion has fallen on the turnip. A little while since its destiny was to furnish lantern-heads for ghosts. Now it is to supplant the pineapple. Some ingenious Parisian confectioner has devised a syrup which changes the ordinary turnip into a pine! What next? We shall have apples turned into apricots and potatoes into plums. This comes of the democratic tendencies of the age! If we can make baronets out of Wentworth Dikes and C.B.'s out of Coles, why not pineapples out of turnips?

"I GAS TO!"—The *Globe* has discovered that the Metropolitan Railway is "a dangerous mine"—that, in fact, it is a mere manufactory of that terrible gas known as fire-damp. If the writer of the article has actually inspected the line, there can be no doubt that gas is generated there, but, to judge from its effects on him, we should be inclined to think it is laughing gas.

"HERE THEY SPEAK THE ENGLISH."—No wonder that the present generation is grossly ignorant of English grammar. A book is announced as "The Joys and Sorrows of a Schoolmaster; by One of Them-selves." One of the joys, or one of the sorrows, we wonder? Of course the blunderer meant, "by a schoolmaster"—very much abroad!

NATION AND NATATION.—The Swedish fleet has been cruising off the coast of Finland, and some of its officers have been feted at Helsingfors. Count Vallen, the Governor of the province, made a long speech about the prosperity of the country. He might have epitomized it with advantage. It would have been enough to say that the Fins get on swimmingly.

THE PERMANENT EXPOSITION.—Between W and Y.

JUDY.

AN essence that yields most.—Acqui-escence.

To what Inn should hungry cattle be sent?—To Gray's.

QUESTION FOR MR. BORROW.—Is the bread used by Roman peasants made from Roman Rye?

OF COURSE.—May it not be reasonably presumed that a Plagiarist writes with a steal pen?

BROAD AND NARROW.—Judy has read some correspondence in the papers respecting the want of decency and privacy at a well-known watering-place not far from Margate. Judy wonders why people who object to being looked at go to Broad-stares.

THE railway authorities are endeavouring to show that the practice of carrying door keys for railway carriages is illegal, and should therefore be put a stop to. Now, without challenging the by-laws of the companies, we must emphatically say that, in these days of accidents, it behoves every passenger to be on the key-vive.

ANTIQUARIAN.—A curiosity is being advertised in the London papers which the British Museum ought by all means to secure as a patriarchal relic. "Abraham's trousers" are, according to the advertisement, to be had for "sixteen shillings." Considering the lapse of time, we cannot be surprised that they are "well shrunk."

FRENCH RESTLESSNESS.

Reasonable politicians are perfectly aware that the supposed causes of quarrel on the part of France with Germany are utterly unjust, even where they are founded on disagreeable facts. Moreover, though it may be desirable to cripple a growing enemy, the maturity of his force is the best of reasons for avoiding a collision. As the shade of *Æschylus*, in the Aristophanic comedy, said of Alcibiades:—"It is better not to breed a lion's whelp in the city; but if he is once grown up his moods must be humoured." It would have been rash to attack Prussia fifteen months ago, when the Baden contingent was serving with the Federal allies of Austria; but to engage in a war of aggression, now that the Southern States have placed their troops under Prussian command, would be absolute madness. If the uneasiness caused by the Emperor Napoleon's recent movements is allowed to subside, his past conduct will be justly imputed to a nervous dread of popular dissatisfaction. Incessant efforts on the part of a Government to provide excitement for the people are generally as superfluous and troublesome as the exertions of a fidgety master of a house to amuse guests who would often prefer quiet to laborious pleasure. The French nation, with some occasional exceptions, would probably be content to pursue its ordinary avocations, without disturbing itself about the politics of Germany or the perils of the Pope; but the Emperor Napoleon, while he probably shares the general desire for peace, seems always to fear that his authority may be shaken if he ceases to hold the balance of power in Europe. A short time ago he proposed to arm the whole population to resist imaginary dangers; and France has long been one of the principal offenders who are responsible for the extravagant military establishments of Europe. The command of vast armies produces, not necessarily a desire for war, but a tendency to meddle in every political transaction which may ultimately be decided by a comparison of forces. It cannot be denied that the effect of the recent wars has been on the whole beneficial. But further European changes, if they are effected by force, will not be favourable to liberty or to national rights. None of the Great Powers have legitimate claims on their equals; and the weaker States have every thing to fear from a disturbance of the peace. When the French have accustomed themselves to the belief that there is no German or Italian question pending, they may perhaps consider the expediency of reducing their costly establishments.—*Saturday Review*.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

SEASIDE FASHIONS.

THE season is a very brilliant one at all the French watering places, notwithstanding the fact that it commenced so unusually late. The weather has been exceptionally hot during the past fortnight, and several of the bays de mer I have visited are crowded with élegantes. Like many others, I have been to Calvados, the entire seaboard of which department may now be called France's fashionable bathing ground, each little fishing village between Dieppe and Bernières-Mer now boasting of its casino and établissement des bains; and all this has been the growth of but comparatively few years. Every town most amusingly claims its discoverer, or rather, more correctly, recognises the man who made it the fashion. Not so many years since, Charles Mozin, a clever French landscape painter, drew some picturesque scenes about Trouville, which took immensely, and the hitherto almost unknown fishing village was raised into a bain de mer as by enchantment. Alphonse Karr, the novelist, wrote about Etretat, and it became in its way famous. Deauville was a speculation of the late Count de Morny, a man much given to stock-jobbing and money-making. Houlgate was brought under public notice by M. Verpille, a celebrated French journalist. There are at the present time no less than eight of these pleasant watering places in the hollow of the bay at the mouth of the Seine and Orne, exactly facing as it were your Brighton and Worthing.

Trouville is decidedly the most popular of all these eight bays de mer. Its hotels and villas, generally surrounded with pretty gardens, are not built close to the bare sea-shore, but on the hills which slope directly towards it; such glorious sands extend for miles on either side of its harbour; and if you desire to turn inland, there is an endless choice of walks or drives amid the most picturesque of scenery. We are very gay at Trouville with our casino, where we can indulge, if so disposed, in concerts, balls, and theatrical performances; there are plenty of elegantly fitted rooms where the most satisfactory provision is made for reading, billiards, cards, and chess; and then there are the ladies' dresses—they alone are worth coming to Trouville to see. Anything like the piquancy and costliness of the short bright-hued costumes, which entail either the fantastic boot à mi-jambes, or the high-heeled rosetted and sandalled shoes, have never before been seen at Trouville, or, indeed, anywhere else.

We have had a few doubtful rainy days, which some have hailed with delight, as they proved such favourable opportunities for the display of autumn novelties; light silk dresses suddenly disappeared, and fine woollen fabrics—either black or red, or a mixture of both—were donned for the nonce. The question of long versus short skirts is now completely set at rest, for short petticoats are universally adopted for outdoor wear, cut and trimmed in a thousand different ways.

The rage for any fanciful accessory to a toilette is not of long duration with French women; even gilt ornaments are already beginning to be superseded by ivory ones. Dieppe is famous for its carvings in that beautiful substance, and the fashion of wearing ivory, probably inaugurated in that town, will most certainly make its way to Paris by winter. Not only are ivory agrafes worn on mantles, but large and small ivory beads are now mixed with jet fringes for morning, and with crystals for evening toilettes. Very light palm leaves dotted with gold are beginning to take the place of the gilt leaves and acorns now seen decorating every hat, and which have become so common that they are destined to be put aside at no very distant date by the élegantes; but as they are pretty and inexpensive, they will have a long reign among the mass.

Short costumes are worn in two styles, either with a plain skirt bordered with a flounce cut on the cross, or with a tunic full at the back, short at the sides, and quite plain in front—in fact, more like a long basque than a tunic. These are trimmed both with rouleaux and fringe, and with a good deal of fanciful stitching, probably worked by the sewing machine. The fashionable colours at Trouville are pale green, bouton d'or, and capucine, or the shade of nasturtium flowers—the two first for day, the third for evening wear. A colour called "Vin de Bordeaux," a bright claret, is to be popular in autumn and early winter when Paris again fills, and this rich shade will be trimmed with black. Of course I do not mention the all-prevailing Bismarck brown, the most unbecoming of colours; for everyone must be aware by this time of the wonderful and unaccountable popularity it has attained. The Duchess de Mouchy (Princess Anna Murat), who is now staying with the Murat family at Villers, often wears capucine-coloured toilettes. Capucine is a deep orange, an excellent dye, and to those it suits is very becoming. Only lately I met the Duchess attired as follows:—a capucine cashmere skirt, piped with black; a black paletot, with square ends and no sleeves, piped with capucine; a capucine cashmere chemise russe, with sleeves ornamented with narrow black guipure and black embroidery; a black velvet toque adorned with a reddish gold agrotte and black feathers. A young lady walking with the Duchess wore a costume exactly in the same style, only in cerise cashmere, and with an enormous cerise silk sash above the paletot.

I should mention that long sashes are now superseded by sashes made of the very widest ribbon it is possible to procure, tied at the back with a multiplicity of pendant loops; and this style is adopted for evening as well as for morning wear.

The small hat, called the "toquet," is apparently by no means near its end, for it is universally worn, and is as indispensable at the bays de mer as the short dress. It is usually dark, being made either of black or brown straw or of black velvet; the bows at the back consist of wide ribbon, which match the toquet in colour; if ornaments are added, they are of a heavy character, such as ivory. For evening wear at the casinos rice straw toquets are general; the enormous chignons and nets are dispensed with, and the hair falls in curls down the back and over the shoulders. Those who wish to preserve good heads of hair should avail themselves of this more careless style of coiffure, for nothing is more prejudicial to the growth and colour of natural hair than the fashion that prevails of wearing heavy masses of artificial hair. Many attempts are made to introduce Bismarck chignons, and the hair has of course to be dyed that peculiar giraffe-brown to match them. The colour is unpleasant enough for dresses and bonnets, but one can scarcely credit that the woman who submits to have her hair dyed the shade to which the Prussian Premier has been made sponsor, can be in full possession of her senses.

It is some time since I have written to you on what are called toilettes d'intérieur. Now that the shooting season has commenced and that the heat is often very great during the day, ladies who are spending their time in their chateaux often stay at home painting, reading, and working until the sportsmen return, and it is therefore at this period that fastidious toilettes d'intérieur are in great request. Those called chinolines are in high favour, and are worn without any crinoline. Imagine a long peplum cut out in very accentuated points, each point terminating with a tassel, and worn over a skirt to match, or one of a contrasting colour; the pointed sleeves are likewise decorated with tassels. These dresses are made of cashmere of some delicate shade—pearl-grey, blue, or blonde, or pink; they are ornamented with embroidery in the Indian style, and fastened the entire length of the front with large embroidered buttons. One of these elegant robes de chambre was worn last week by Princess P., a well-known leader of the fashion whom I visited at Deauville. The material was white cashmere; the points of the peplum descended lower than the knee, falling over a crimson silk skirt. A crimson silk sash confined it round the waist, and the sleeves were lined with crimson silk.—Queen.

LITERATURE.

"The Chinese Classics." Translated into English. By James Legge, D.D. Vol. I. The Life and Teachings of Confucius. Trübner & Co.

As Confucius ignored the world to come, he found little support under the trials and disappointments which befell him. He was continually wandering about in search of employment, and was often rebuked by meaner men for his dejection under refusal. On one occasion an irreverent spectator of his canvassing for power compared his troubled appearance to the disconsolate look of a "stray dog." At page 171 we find him acknowledging that he was not unaccustomed "to be overcome of wine;" and perhaps he was led to that indulgence by a desire to wash away his regret for the loss of office. He was not over truthful, for on one occasion he did not hesitate to violate an oath, excusing himself in the very words which brought such reproach on Euripides, "My tongue swore, but my mind was unsworn." He was not a brave man, for he turned pale at a clap of thunder, and he migrated from any place where he apprehended danger. He was not a confident man, if the rule *qui se excusat accusat* be true, for he had to justify himself with references to visits which gave great offence to his disciples. We find him uttering shrewd remarks as to the difficulty of managing comelines, which shows he had experience in that line. He divorced his wife. He was, however, amiable, in general sincere, and really earnest to improve, according to the little light vouchsafed to him. The best thing that is said of him is that he "would angle, but not use a net; he shot, but not at birds perching." Finally, his character may be best understood from the following extract, which gives an account of his death:—

"Early one morning, we are told, he got up, and with his hands behind his back, dragging his staff, he moved about by his door, crooning over—

The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break;
And the wise man wither away like a plant.

After a little, he entered the house and sat down opposite the door. Teze-kung had heard his words, and said to himself, 'If the great mountain crumble, to what shall I look up? If the strong beam break, and the wise man wither away, on whom shall I lean? The master, I fear, is going to be ill.' With this he hastened into the house. Confucius said to him, 'Teze, what makes you so late? According to the statutes of Hea, the corpse was dressed and coiffed at the top of the eastern steps, treating the dead as if he were still the host. Under the Yin, the ceremony was performed between the two pillars, as if the dead were both host and guest. The rule of Chow is to perform it at the top of the western steps, treating the dead as if he were a guest. I am a man of Yin, and last night I dreamt that I was sitting with offerings before me between two pillars. No intelligent monarch arises; there is not one in the empire that will make me his master. My time is come to die.' So it was. He went to his couch, and after seven days expired."

Such is the account which we have of the last hours of the great philosopher of China. His end was not unimpressive, but it was melancholy. He sank behind a cloud. Disappointed hopes made his soul bitter. The great ones of the empire had not received his teachings. No wife nor child was by to do the kindly offices of affection for him. Nor were the expectations of another life present with him as he passed through the dark valley. He uttered no prayer, and he betrayed no apprehensions. Deep-treasured in his own heart may have been the thought that he had endeavoured to serve his generation by the will of God, but he gave no sign. "The mountain falling came to naught, and the rock was removed out of his place. So death prevailed against him and he passed; his countenance was changed, and he was sent away."

A PEACE MISSION TO THE RED INDIANS.

AN official report has been received at the Indian Office of the United States Government from Superintendent H. B. Denman, dated Omaha, August 21, giving some details of the departure of the Sioux Indians under Spotted Tail on their buffalo hunt, in accordance with permission given them to do so by the Indian Commissioners. Superintendent Denman was at North Platte on the morning of the 19th inst., and had a council with the Indians with regard to the matter, and informed them that it was expected that Spotted Tail, with his fellow chiefs, would place themselves in communication with the hostile bands camped in the region of country which they propose to visit, and use all their influence to persuade them to abandon the war path, and meet the Commissioners in council at Fort Laramie at the full of the moon in September next, with the view of negotiating a treaty of peace. He also informed them that United States troops had been sent north from Arkansas River, and were in the region of Republican River, and they must avoid all trouble with them. Upon hearing which, "Spotted Tail" asked to be furnished with white flags, saying that he would keep them flying in his camp, and he would not go further south than was necessary to find buffalo. He also promised he would use no time in communicating with the hostile Indians, and expressed undoubted confidence in his ability to persuade them to give up war. "Spotted Tail" and "Swift Bear" selected ten of their most trustworthy young men as messengers to visit the hostile Indians with offerings of peace, and stated that they were ready to start whenever furnished with equipments, which consisted of the following articles for each of the ten Indians:—1 horse, 1 saddle, 1 bridle, 1 picket-ropes, 1 blanket, 1 rifle, 1 pair blue cloth leggings, 1 breech-cloth, 1 blue military coat, 1 cavalry hat, 1 shirt, 1 black silk cravat, and ten yards of scarlet Indian cloth. The superintendent had the day before purchased the entire outfit for the messengers, and at once fitted them out and gave them their instructions, and each one of them a pass or certificate stating their business, and asking all officers of the United States army to treat them well, and aid them all in their power. The novel and striking feature in their preparation was the token of peace which each Indian carried with him. It consisted of eight square pieces of tobacco wrapped up in one yard of scarlet cloth, and tied at each end and in the middle with red, white, and blue ribbons. Yesterday, the superintendent says in his report, at one o'clock they started from North Platte well mounted and equipped, and as they galloped away over the prairie with their bright rifle barrels, gay trappings, and white flags glittering in the sun, they reminded one of a troop of cavaliers of the olden time starting out on some good mission. While they were preparing to start, a number of squaws gathered in a group, and commenced singing a wild Indian song, which he was informed by the interpreter was the song of peace. We gave Spotted Tail and all the principal chiefs a pass similar to those given the messengers, and printed on their white flags in large letters, "Spotted Tail's Friendly Band." On their departure I gave them rations for twelve days, which greatly pleased them. He adds: "I congratulate myself upon the fact that these Indians went away well pleased with their treatment, and entertaining toward the white man no other than the most friendly feeling. I sincerely believe that this band of Indians have gone forth as messengers of peace and good will, and in the end will prove themselves powerful instruments in consummating a genuine peace."

THE LATE RISING IN SPAIN.—Spain is asleep in more ways than one. We have heard enough of her "late rising." When shall we hear of her "early rising?"—Punch.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

BULBS, such as hyacinths, tulips, Narcissus, which for convenience may be classed together as regards treatment, if they are to be flowered early and well, should be procured and potted without delay. Any, however, intended for late forcing, or which are wanted in flower from February to April, need not be potted for another month or so. Always select where possible solid bulbs, with the apex fully ripened off. It is not necessary that they should be finely-formed ones. Some of the ugliest amongst them oftentimes produce the finest spikes. They all delight in a rich, well decomposed maiden loam, two parts, thoroughly rotted spit manure one part, with a dash of silver sand, all being carefully amalgamated. Crook well, but not too plentifully. Press the soil evenly and firmly into the pot, filling the latter to within an inch of the rim; place a little silver sand upon the centre of this, upon which the bulb—now held between the fingers without injury—should be placed, and pressed firmly down to rather more than half its depth; press a little more soil around it for the purpose of fixing it more firmly, finishing off the surface evenly, to admit of future waterings, draining uniformly throughout the ball; afterwards place them in an open situation, and afford them, if possible, an opportunity to become nicely dried upon the surface, when a thorough soaking with clear water may be given them without there being any danger of oaking the soil upon the surface; a too frequent occurrence, caused by early watering plants which have been potted in rather moist soil. If convenient, moreover, let the surface of the soil and the apex of the bulb become moderately dry again before they are covered over. A layer of coal ashes or cocoa-nut refuse placed over each bulb, about six inches deep, will then be all that is needed; this is for the purpose of keeping them firmly fixed in their places during the process of rooting, without which the force of the roots as they emerge from the base quickly upraises the bulbs. One other remark—procure good bulbs; even though they cost a trifle more, they are cheaper in the end. In the case of hyacinths, single flowering ones are as a rule more showy, and indeed more graceful than double ones. For potted single bulbs, 32-sized pots are best. Do not keep Indian azuleas in a high temperature after they have finished growing, and begin to show just slight symptoms that a crop of flower-buds is setting. At such a stage gradually inure them to the outer air—exposure for a week or two to which will be of great benefit to them, before storing them away for the winter.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Prune away all young shoots, and any leaves which overhang and shade fruit upon tomatoes, an operation which will materially aid the process of ripening.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Sow dwarf French beans in pots, and place them in an open situation, there to grow strong and robust for ultimate removal to the forcing pit. Commence blanching endives for early winter use; as these are intended probably for removal eventually into pits or frames, it will be better to forward this process by tying them up in the way followed for blanching lettuces. Finish earthing up cardoons. Sow small salading rather more frequently as the weather becomes cooler. Set about transplanting the main stock of winter cabbages intended for spring use, and while sunny weather lasts do not omit the proper use of the hoe. Continue to earth up celery, which at all times should be done with the hands, holding each plant separately in one hand whilst the soil is put to it with the other. Still sprinkle flowers of sulphur over late peas which show any symptoms of mildew upon the foliage.—W. E. in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

SEWAGE-GROWN GRASS.

THE Rivers Commissioners, in their third report, discuss the assertion which is sometimes made, that sewage-grown grass is unwholesome, and will not make good hay. The commissioners consider it proved that the grass is not only wholesome, but that cows fed upon it give richer milk, from which first-class butter may be made. The chemist proves by careful analysis that both milk and butter are better than samples produced from the same land in its ordinary state of meadow. Hay made from sewage-grown grass is also sweet and nutritious if properly got, but there is great difficulty in fully drying it during ordinary seasons. When a limited quantity of sewage or other water containing manure soaks into a fertile soil, the first effect is to displace part of the water already contained in the soil, occupying its place in the interstices, whence the organic matter it contains is held in temporary union with the active soil, to be afterwards absorbed by the roots of plants or decomposed by the air, so that in a short time, varying according to the activity of vegetation and of decomposition, no impurity whatever remains. If then the sewage which has soaked into the soil is not displaced by other water until a sufficient time for it to be purified has elapsed, it will when displaced be as pure as ordinary shallow spring water. If it be found that the depth of the active soil effecting this change is about half a yard, and that it contains about one-fifth of its weight of water, a quantity of sewage may sink into it equal to about 500 tons, or a depth of five inches, before the water previously in the soil within eighteen inches of the surface is all displaced; and if considerably less than this proportion of sewage, say one to two inches in depth, be put on rich soil at once, though the drains from it will run freely, as they do after heavy rain, they will be carrying away the water previously in the soil, and not, as is often supposed, that just poured upon it, which may with good management be retained in the soil until it in its turn becomes completely purified; and the water passing from the deep drains of irrigated land not over-mannered may be as pure as that from the shallow springs of such land, all that is necessary for this result being that considerably less water be added to the soil at once than it previously contains, and that excessive manuring be avoided. During rapid vegetation an additional purification of the sewage matter takes place from actual contact with the growing plants on the surface.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

THE following advertisements, copied from the erotic column of the *Daily Telegraph*, afford a remarkable illustration of the difference between courtship and matrimony:—

"To * * *.—Ah, my darling! Can I ever tire of such sweet and affectionate expressions of your love? Never. They encourage me in every possible way, and to me there now seems something in this life worth living for! Farewell, my dearest, dearest love!—Cambridge."

"I hereby Give Notice, my Wife, Mary Ann —, having left her home, 16, —-road —, I will Not be Answerable for any Debts she may Contract after this date, Sept. 6, 1867."

CHARLES —.

Witness—Henry James —, 118, —-street.

VERY WELL PUT.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a serial which he is writing in the *New York Ledger*, discusses, through a negro character of the story, the probability of horses going to heaven. Hiram points out that white and red and black and grey horses are spoken of in the Revelations, that Death rides on a pale horse, probably a cream colour, and that in the ninth chapter mention is made of an army of 200,000 horsemen. "Now," asks Hiram, "where could they get so many horses in heaven if none of them that die off here go there? It is my opinion that a good horse is a darned sight likelier to go to heaven than a bad man."



WASHING THE COCKLES.



CARRYING THE COCKLES TO MARKET.

FISHMONGERS' AND POULTERERS' ALMSHOUSES.

In the neighbourhood of Tottenham are several of those benevolent institutions called almshouses. Among them are Sanche's Almshouses, founded in 1598; Reynardson's Almshouses, founded in 1685; and the more recent ones of the Printers' and the Fishmongers' and Poulterers' Almshouses. An engraving of the latter will be found in our present issue. The architectural beauties of this building are seen through our illustration. They are of a kind which reflect the highest credit on the architect and contractor; and the interior is fitted up with every convenience for the aged pensioners, who, through the instrumentality of the society, are enabled here to comfortably and peaceably end their days.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—**TAYLOR BROTHERS**, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859. —[ADVT.]

COCKLE GATHERING.

In the seignory of Gower, about eight miles from Swansea, on the Zoughor river, stand the little village of Penclawdd, inhabited chiefly by a small colony of women, children, and donkeys, whose occupation is the gathering and preparing for the market of those delicate little shell-fish called cockles. These shell-fish are found in seemingly exhaustless numbers on the extensive sands at the mouth of Carmarthen Bay, about three miles distant from the village. On these flats, at low water, congregate some hundreds of the cockle girls, who, with a bit of rusty hoop, or small hoe, scrape up from the sand the finest cockles, deposit them in sacks or baskets, and convey them to the village, where, as seen in our illustration, they are boiled in a rude fire-place built of turf and stones, then sifted from the shells over a table, and afterwards well washed at a spring to cleanse them from the sand. In this state they are carried to market in pails or baskets. The donkeys are employed to carry those cockles which are sold in their native state.

When in the neighbourhood a few years since, we tasted some of these cockles. Their flavour is exceedingly delicate, and we have endeavoured in vain to get similar ones in London.

MONEY.

THE old cry is still repeated—what will the value of money descend to? No one can satisfactorily answer the question, because there seems no chance of the increase of bullion being arrested. The plethora must steadily augment if trade does not revive; and meanwhile persons who have balances will not be satisfied with 1 per cent. interest allowed for deposits, but will seek other profitable means of investment. Consols have not been favourably affected to the extent anticipated, since the public are looking for a higher rate of interest than they yield. Indian securities, including rupee paper, railway shares, and colonial stocks and debentures, have for the present attracted the chief attention, the purchases having already raised the quotations relatively high. English railway preference and debenture stocks are gradually recovering, and would long since have done so, but for the frightful exposures in the Brighton, Great Eastern, London, Chatham and Dover, and some other undertakings. Foreign securities, except in one or two cases, have not yet been purchased to any great extent. They will presently move, several of them paying full rates of interest, though of late they have been generally neglected. Some classes of miscellaneous shares also deserve notice, the quotations of many being below their real value.



COCKLE GATHERING.—BOILING AND SIFTING THE COCKLES.

GARIBALDI IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

ON his way to Geneva, General Garibaldi was sufficiently explicit as to his designs. At Orvieto, in addressing the crowd, he said, in answer to cries of "Rome or Death," "No, it is no longer 'Rome or Death'; it is Rome and Life." Our enemies are not only the priests; our chief enemy is the French Emperor. Who prevents us from going to Rome? The priests. Who else? The French Emperor. (Cries of 'Death to the Emperor,' 'Death to Bonaparte.') Don't confound the nation with Bonaparte. The nation is great and generous; the nation is with us; all nations are sisters. Now I tell you there is no Italy without Rome. (Cries of 'To Rome, to Rome.') We are told there are 40,000 there. If we make a new appeal we shall not be 40,000 but 1,000,000, and united with a brave army we shall accomplish our redemption. (Frenzied applause.) Many of us are accustomed to the fire of battle, but we shall not bestow the honour of the bayonet on mercenaries and priests. We shall bundle them out with the butt-ends of our guns. (Cries of 'Out with the priests,' 'Death to the priests') These people have completed the degradation of the noblest people on earth. ('True, true.') International right permits the Romans to revolt. It allows them to rise out of the mud into which the Jesuits have flung them."

HIRING SERVANTS IN LOWER NORMANDY.

THE Sunday of each year which precedes the 18th of July commences, in the rural districts of Normandy, the hiring of farm-servants. The assemblage of candidates for employment usually takes place on the village green, where the country people of both sexes muster in force, and arrange themselves according to their capacities for office, the women adorned with bouquets, and the men carrying whips surmounted with bunches of flowers. Every stage from youth to old age may be found here; and the employers only make a choice after having most carefully examined the personal appearance and qualifications of the tillers of the earth and other candidates for hire. The scene is a very animating one, and might be really enjoyed if the looker-on could but stand the Babel of women's voices.

AUSTRALIAN MEAT.

As the Australians seem not to know what to do with their superfluous beef, and as, notwithstanding the reported fall of the price of cattle in England, we are still paying portentously heavy butcher's bills, it may be as well to remind those who have to pay them that the imported cooked meat which was not long ago praised

FASHIONABLE FRACAS.

A CURIOUS "difficulty" has arisen at Homburg between Mr. Labouchere, M.P., and an Italian gentleman, which led to a fracas at the Kursaal. "Luigi di Baroni Farina" gives his version of the affair in a letter to *L'Europe*, of Frankfurt. He says that Mr. Labouchere having refused to recognise a title of rank belonging to his family, which is borne by his eldest brother, the secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Florence, he was led to strike his traducer. Since then he had in vain expected a message from Mr. Labouchere, and as he had to leave Homburg he took this means of explaining the part he had played in the matter. Mr. Labouchere writes to the same journal:—"Being at Homburg to take the waters, I noticed a person named Farina seated at a table with some ladies, and knowing one of them, I thought it my duty to warn her not to trust herself in his society. I did this, because I knew Farina had grossly insulted several ladies, and had succeeded in his designs by means of a base and dishonourable kind. Farina, suspecting that these ladies had been warned of his true character, accosted the husband of the lady to whom I had spoken, and demanded of him an explanation. The gentleman replied that he had none to give, but that he would take on himself the responsibility of everything that his wife had said. So soon as



HIRING SERVANTS IN LOWER NORMANDY.

THE FRENCH DRAMA.

A GREAT cry has been raised about the French drama of to-day, and, swelled with exclamations and groans, rushes through all the literary channels of Paris. We suppose that the fears which awoke it originated in the deplorable success of the Japanese jugglers and the Arab demolishers of red-hot coals and prickly pears. The gymnastic wonders of some English clowns win the applause at one theatre, and Batty endangering his life in his lions' cage makes the success of another. "French drama," cries in exasperation Henri de Rochefort, the clever and ironical writer on the *Figaro*, "will soon be reduced to have for its heroes tasters of swords and mountebanks, and the chief emotion of a piece will be this: Will the lover walk on his hands long enough to capture the traitor who has made a cowardly retreat on his head? If the idea of the 'Tour de Nesle' had arisen in Alexander Dumas' brain in '67, instead of springing from it in '32, the pitiless Margaret would have been represented as passionately fond of gymnastics, and willing to lay down the sceptre of her power in order to indulge freely in her favourite amusement. Rachel, instead of taking lessons from the tragedian Samson, would have studied with the brothers Price; and M^{me}. Dorval, the tragedy queen, would have accompanied Antony's declaration on a violin. If the drama is really the reflection of life and the photography of society, you must allow that we are agreeable acrobats." Is M. de Rochefort right, and will dramatists, eager for success, soon have to alight themselves into Leotard's trapezes? But at Molière's house Molière is still heard, and Hernani is speaking Hugo's heroic lines; Georges Sand's "Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré" is promised us, at the Odéon; so we can yet delay for a time our bitter regrets for the good old times.

in the newspapers is not the only form in which our needs can be supplied from the Antipodes. The qualities of the cooked beef have been largely discussed, and from an occasional paragraph in Australian letters it seems to be admitted that some improvement in its preparation is necessary before it can become generally popular. In the meantime it ought not to be forgotten that another very recently invented form of preparing Australian beef for European use has proved perfectly successful, and that its success ought to be generally known in order to put an end to the consumption of home-fed and imported beef in the making of soups, gravies, and especially of beef-tea. That consumption is now very large, especially since the prescribing of nutritious food has become so universal among hospital and workhouse doctors, while its effect in keeping up the demand, and therefore in enhancing the price of butcher's meat, is sufficiently obvious. By the new process in question, which goes by the name of its inventor, Dr. Liebig, the old objections to the general use of concentrated meat are done away with; the "essence of meat," as it is called, being not only moderate in price, but free from all tendency to turn mouldy and useless after the jar that contains it is opened and exposed to the air. There is no mystery in the process by which this result is attained. Every morsel of fat, sinew, and albumen is cut away from the fresh beef, and the soluble matter in the remainder is then extracted by steam. The liquid thus obtained is then dried by evaporation till it becomes an extremely stiff jelly, which can be again dissolved in hot water in two or three minutes' time. When two minutes are enough to make a perfectly pure beef-tea, its use for such purposes is assured; though a prejudice against it is sometimes created through a forgetfulness of its extreme strength and the quantity of water it requires to make it palatable.

I had learnt what had taken place I said to my friend that it did not become a man of honour to have any dispute with such a person as Farina. The same evening I met Farina and said to him, 'Since you desire to know who it was that said no lady should admit you into her society, I tell you it was I; and moreover if I see you with any lady of my acquaintance I shall think proper to tell her of it. You call yourself a baron; you have no such title.' Farina replied, 'My brother is a baron, and I will give you a thrashing.' At the same time he raised a cane which he had in his hand. I seized him at once by the throat, and was about to give him the punishment he deserved, when the bystanders interposed, and pulled him from me. The commissary of police having learnt what had transpired, requested my attendance at his office to explain the affair. After having listened to me he made me promise not to come to blows with Farina if I should meet him. I assured him that I would not, unless Farina attacked me, and then I should take the opportunity of chastising him. The commissary added that, in consequence of the reports concerning the antecedents of Farina, the police were instructed to forbid his entrance to the Kursaal until they had been fully informed of his history. If M. Farina wishes for a judicial inquiry to be made into his antecedents, he has only to cite me before the tribunal of this country for calumny, or should he prefer an English court of justice, I am ready to furnish him with the opportunity of justifying himself in publishing my opinion of his conduct in any English journal."

THE Pan-Anglican Synod commenced its sittings on Monday. Special services were held on Saturday evening and Sunday, at which many of the bishops were present.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE AND THE BUTCHERS.—Mr. Edward Norton, butcher, carrying on an extensive business at 124, New-cut, Lambeth, was summoned before Mr. Burcham, by Inspector Edmonds, L. division, "for unlawfully neglecting to deliver to the officer in charge of the district police-station in which he resided, eighteen Metropolitan Cattle Market passes as required by the 3rd section of the order in council of the 17th of May last."—Inspector Edmonds informed his worship that since the 27th of May last, Mr. Norton had received thirty passes at least from the Metropolitan Cattle Market for beasts which he had purchased, and he had on two occasions neglected to deliver them to the officer in charge of the Tower-street Police-station, Waterloo-road. He was communicated with, and since then he had properly complied with the order in council.—The Defendant said he had to plead ignorance of the law. He had never received any notice to do as the inspector had stated.—Mr. Edmonds said that the notices were posted up in the Metropolitan Cattle Market in conspicuous places, and the passes were always given to the butchers on their purchasing cattle. It was important that they should be delivered up to the police in the district, to prevent the spread of the cattle plague.—Mr. Burcham asked when the order in council was issued?—Inspector Edmonds replied.—On the 17th of May, and the first passes were issued on the 27th of the same month. The butchers must all have been aware of it, as the order was officially announced.—The Defendant assured his worship that he knew nothing whatever about it at the time. He had been thirty-four years in business in the New-cut, and had never been previously complained against. If he had erred it was entirely in ignorance of the law.—Mr. Burcham, after examining the order in council, and hearing further evidence, thought that it was a case in which the defendant might be excused this time, therefore he dismissed the summons.

A FEMALE SAVAGE.—Elizabeth Hall was charged with feloniously cutting and wounding, and thereby inflicting grievous bodily harm on Mrs. Sarah Bently, with a table-knife.—These persons are householders, and near neighbours, in Quebec-street, Spitalfields, and on the afternoon of the 4th inst. had words in the open street. At that time the prisoner held the weapon in her hand, and deliberately, as sworn, struck at the face of Mrs. Bently, cutting off a large portion of her nose. There was a great flow of blood, and she was carried away by her husband in a fainting state.—This was the evidence advanced by Mr. Abbott, but Mr. Vann, for the defence, insisted that there was not any knife at all. Not any could be produced as having been found near the spot or as having any particular description of handle.—Mr. Newton remarked that it was manifest that the prosecutrix had lost a part of her nose by violence of some kind. It was sworn that the prisoner had committed the act, and he should certainly send her for trial. He considered it a most serious matter.—One of the witnesses said that after using the knife the prisoner was struck four times on the shoulder. When cross-examined he coolly replied to a very pertinent question, "What is that to you?" A second witness said, "That is my business." Both were reprehended by the Court.—Prisoner was fully committed for trial.

THE BOY FORGER AND HIS MASTER.—A few days ago a youth named Roper, was charged with endeavouring to pass a forged cheque on a cigar merchant in Basinghall-street, in payment of cigars which were purported to be ordered by Mr. Scadlon, a licensed victualler, carrying on business in the neighbourhood of Victoria-park. The boy Roper was suspected to be only the tool of some more designing person, and he was remanded for the purpose of giving the officers an opportunity of apprehending the leading delinquent. The result had been that the officer Potts, 135, got sufficient information to apprehend the present prisoner.—W. Royley—and charge him with having forged the cheque and letter which accompanied it.—Mr. Keele Smyth, a licensed victualler, said the prisoner was his brother-in-law, but he was sorry he could not say any good of him. He had known him for about 15 years, during which time he had been an accountant in a merchant's office. The letter and cheque produced were both in the handwriting of the prisoner. (These were the documents upon which the prisoner, Roper, had endeavoured to obtain six boxes of cigars from the prosecutor.)—William Potts, 135, asked for a remand, as he had a great deal of information which he believed would enable him to bring numerous charges against the prisoner. He had been previously tried at the Old Bailey with the prisoner Roper, for a similar offence. On that occasion Roper was discharged on account of his youth, and the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. At the expiration of that term the prisoner recommenced the same practices, and being again convicted at the Central Criminal Court he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude, from which he had only been at liberty about one month. He had now several cases to bring against him if the prisoner were remanded.—Mr. Alderman Alton accordingly remanded the prisoner.

A DRAF TOO MUCH.—Frederick Williams, engraver, residing in Upper-street, Islington, was charged before Mr. Knox with assaulting a boy named Sawyer, residing in Haddon-street, Regent-street.—The complainant said.—On Monday evening I was standing with some other boys in Leicester-street, there being a band playing, and the defendant having a horn in his hand. One of the boys took off my cap, and threw it at the defendant, who then struck me on the head with the horn.—Mr. Knox: Was the defendant one of the band?—Defendant: I was not, sir. The fact is I had taken a glass, and, hearing the play, thought I should like to show them my instrumental abilities, and took up an instrument from one of the musicians, and gave a blast. The boys, not appreciating my abilities, set to laughing, and one of them threw a cap at me, but I did not strike. I merely took up the instrument for a lark.—Burke, 177 C: The defendant was drunk, and complained of by one gentleman.—Defendant: I was not drunk. I had only had a glass more than I ought to have had.—Mr. Knox: It is a nice distinction, certainly. You have been locked up all night, and that is punishment enough for your folly of taking a glass too much, and if you make the boy some recompense I will discharge you.—The defendant, having satisfied the boy, was discharged.

A CONFLICT OF TESTIMONY.—Mary Ann Loar, a married woman, the wife of a respectable tradesman in the Vauxhall-road, was charged with stealing several escutcheons from the doors of houses, in Victoria-street, Westminster.—Charles Dunn, 160 B, said, on the night of September 10 he went on to his beat in Victoria-street, and missed several escutcheons from the doors, which he reported to Sergeant Skeats, 22 B, at about eleven o'clock. The sergeant ordered him to keep a good look out, and shortly before one o'clock he observed the prisoner go up to the door of No. 21 she being busily engaged at something for a time. She went to other doors, and he crossed the road and caught hold of her hand, in which he found five escutcheons. The prisoner then dropped something, but he was unable to say what it was. Shortly afterwards a piece of bent iron, that would just be used for the purpose was found on the spot where she was taken.—Prisoner vehemently protested her innocence, stating that she had never had the escutcheons, the constable had them in his hand; she declared that the whole charge was a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.—Dunn adhered to his statement. He saw nothing of the prisoner till ten minutes to one, and then he distinctly saw her go from door to door.—Prisoner declared she never was near one of the doors.—Sergeant Cosens, 28 B, who took the charge, said the constable made the same statement at the time, and the prisoner, who

at first gave a wrong address, said "I know nothing about it; how dare you charge me with such an offence?"—Sergeant Skeats, 22 B, corroborated the constable as to the report about the lost escutcheons. He had fitted some to the doors.—Sergeant Mason, 24 B, said he had made inquiries at the lodging-house where prisoner lived; they knew nothing against her. She left home that night shortly before eleven.—In reply to Mr. Selfe, Dunn said he had been a gentleman's servant before he joined the police, and had travelled abroad with Mr. Ramsay, of Aberdeen.—Mr. Selfe said it was a most extraordinary case; either the prisoner was making a most false and scandalous accusation of perjury against the policeman, or the constable was a most wicked man to have trumped up this charge against a woman, for which conduct, if true, no terms of reprobation would be too strong, and it would attach to him a stigma of a most terrible kind. There was the statement upon oath against the statement of, as it were, a closed mouth, and if he withdrew the charge from the consideration of a jury he would not only be casting an imputation of a most serious nature upon the constable, but would be paving the way for the absolute denial of any charge which one person single-handed might make against another. Having made some short comments upon the evidence, he remanded the prisoner again, in order that some owner of the escutcheons might be found to prosecute, but said he would accept bail in £10 for her reappearance.—She was locked up in default.—She has since been discharged.

THE SPORTING TRADESMEN.—Mr. William Harren, a master baker of Barnsbury-road, appeared in answer to a summons charging him with assaulting Mr. Thomas Preece, a broker and house-agent, of the Liverpool-road, Islington, on the 30th of August last.—Mr. Ricketts, of Frederick-street, Gray's-inn-road, appeared for the complainant; and Mr. John Wakeling, of the firm of J. and T. Wakeling, solicitors, Great Percy-street, King's-cross-road, for the defendant.—Mr. Ricketts stated that his client was a broker, and the defendant a master baker, and they had been known to each other for some time, and had had many friendly bets between themselves on various horse races; the defendant had also supplied the complainant with bread. It appeared that a bet was made between them upon the last Derby race, and the defendant came off the winner, but a dispute arose as to the bet and the amount won by the defendant, but the complainant had sent a sovereign to the shop of the defendant, whose daughter refused to take it, and the matter had stood over. On Friday, the 30th August, the complainant was passing through John-street West, Hemingford-road, when the defendant, who was delivering his bread, called to him, and asked him when he was going to settle. The complainant said he had sent a sovereign to his shop, which defendant denied; some words ensued, when defendant struck complainant several times most violently, and knocked him down, causing severe injuries to his eye and shoulder joint. He had been under the care of a doctor ever since, and it would be some time before complainant recovered the proper use of his arm. It had been proposed by the complainant to settle the matter with the defendant by his paying 2*l.*, the amount of the doctor's bill, but that he refused, and looking at the serious nature of the assault and the defendant's position a fine (he submitted) would be no punishment, and would not meet the justice of the case which if he proved to the satisfaction of the magistrates, he asked that the defendant should be severely dealt with.—Mr. Thomas Preece: I am a broker, residing in the Liverpool-road. I know the defendant, and have had some betting transactions with him. I owed him a sovereign. On Friday, the 30th August, about eleven o'clock in the morning, I was passing along John-street, when the defendant met me and said, "Now I'll take it out of you." He took hold of me by the collar, and violently shook me against the wall, and then struck me about a dozen times with his flat about the head, causing me to have black eyes for four days; he pinned my arms, and then I fell. My shoulder is much hurt. I have been and am still attending a doctor for the injuries. I gave the defendant no provocation.—Cross-examined by Mr. Wakeling: I have had some bets with defendant, and he won a sovereign upon the last Derby race, which I sent to his shop, but his daughter would not take it. I did not strike the defendant with my stick. I did not fight with him. He did not at first put his hand upon my shoulder, but took me by the collar and shook me. When the defendant struck me I did not strike him in return.—Mrs. Parker was then called in corroboration of the complainant, and was subjected to a severe cross-examination by Mr. Wakeling, but without materially shaking her evidence.—Mr. Wakeling, at some length, submitted that as the parties had been old friends they ought to have settled this matter without coming here. If his instructions were correct, there was some dispute about a bet, which complainant had refused to pay, but told the defendant to summon him. The defendant met the complainant at the time and place stated, and said to him, "When are you going to settle that little affair?" Complainant said, "I told you what to do" (meaning to summon him), when defendant replied, "That's all nonsense." Complainant upon this told defendant he had sent a sovereign to his shop, which defendant denied; some angry words then ensued, and complainant struck the defendant a violent blow with his stick on the arm, and the defendant, feeling as an Englishman the indignity of being struck with a stick, took hold of complainant and shook him. They scrambled together and assaulted each other. The complainant returned the blows he received from the defendant, but happened to get the worst of it, and hence the summons. He would call an independent witness, who would bear out his statement. He called Wm. Willis, a journeyman baker, who corroborated Mr. Wakeling's version of the matter.—Mr. Cooke said he believed the defendant had committed a bad assault, and although they might have had a squabble, the defendant was a strong man compared to the complainant, and ought not to have assaulted him, as he considered he had done, and taking into consideration the arguments used on both sides he fined the defendant 5*l.*, or two months' imprisonment, but without costs.—The fine was immediately paid.

FREAKS OF AN ELEPHANT.—The Circus of Messrs. Sanger, from the Agricultural Hall, is exhibiting on the South Coast, and the performing elephant connected with the collection, has been giving food for gossip. At Chichester, after being fastened in the stable of a tavern for the night, the animal opened the door, and so got into the yard. A fence and a bolted door then separated it from the inn, but he put his trunk over the fence, drew the bolt, and passed through the door to the back of the tavern. The inn-door was bolted inside, and opened outwards; nevertheless the elephant managed to open the door, and so made his way to the tavern kitchen. Instinct led the strange burglar to the pantry, where he proceeded to help himself to a bag of bran; and while eating this set the surrounding crockery in motion. The landlord, thus aroused, rushed down in the moonlight, and was not at all comforted on ascertaining the character of his visitor. The keeper was at once summoned, and after some trouble he got the animal out of the house again. At Brighton, the elephant was lodged in a stable on the outskirts of the town. Just before starting thence for one of the performances, a man named Read entered the yard with several other persons. The elephant put out his trunk, and Read dropped a halfpenny therein, the animal passing the coin on to his keeper. He then put out his trunk again. Read felt in his pockets for more money, the elephant meanwhile steadily watching him; finding he had only silver money in his pockets, Read put back the coins, and would give no more. The elephant immediately rushed at Read, and, getting the poor fellow against the wall drove its trunk deep into his shoulder. Read was at once taken to the hospital, where he was found not to have sustained any serious internal injury, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.

DREADFUL ATTEMPT AT WIFE MURDER.

On Saturday, at Worship-street Police-office, John Bishop, about 30 years of age, a vendor of dogs' meat, at 2, North-street, Whitechapel, was brought before Mr. Newton by Inspector Honey, K. division of police, on a charge of feloniously cutting the throat of Ann Bishop, his wife with intent to cause death thereby.

The first witness called was Eliza Bishop, a young woman and sister of the prisoner, who deposed:—He (prisoner) came to my sister's house in Summerfield-street, which is not far from North-street. It was ten minutes to three o'clock in the morning. He went direct upstairs and sat on the side of the bedstead. His wife was walking up and down by his side, with the baby in her arms. I could see into the room from the top of the stairs. I did not see him do anything. She said to me "You go home and shut the street door, directly, I will follow you." I did not go directly, but told her to put the baby on the bed, then take off Jack's boots, and come down to the door to me. She said "No I will let him come to the door." I then threw the key of the front sitting-room door on the bed, said "Good night," and left the house, closing the street door after me. As I reached the corner of the street, I heard the cry of murder, in my sister's voice. My mother was with me, and also heard it. I ran back with her and met prisoner, who was coming out of the house. He said "Mother, mother, I have done it." He then ran away in the direction of the station-house. I had not seen him and his wife quarrel.

Sergeant Freeland, 24 K: At ten minutes to three o'clock in the morning I heard cries of murder in the direction mentioned, and hastening there saw the prisoner's mother. I asked her who was calling "Murder." She replied "Oh it's my son and his wife quarrelling." Subsequently I found a woman lying on a bed in a back upper room. She held an infant in her arms, only a few spots of blood were on the floor and bed clothing, but a great quantity about the child's face and neck. The woman had evidently pressed it close to her while the wound was inflicted.—It is not injured. After conveying the woman to the hospital, I sought for the prisoner, and caught him locking the door of his own house in North-street. I took him into custody, and told him it was for cutting the throat of his wife. He observed, "If you had found your wife with another man, you would do the same." He then said, "Mind, I am giving myself up, don't knock me about. I will give you the knife I did it with." He then took from his breeches, pocket a clasp knife, closed and clean, which he handed to constable Vincent, 318 K. There was not any blood on prisoner's hands. I took him to the station-house. He said nothing more.

The evidence of the second constable was similar. In reply to Mr. Newton, it appeared that the wound was completely round the throat, or, as described, from one boundary to the other, and doubtless must have been fatal, but for the interposition of the infant's body and clothes, which latter were completely saturated.—Prisoner, who declined saying anything, was remanded, for, if possible, the attendance of his wife.

A TROOP OF ARTISTES.

I WAS requested to escort the *prima donna* of the party, whose acquaintance I had made abroad, and on the morning we were to leave London, went, for that purpose, to the hotel at which she was staying. The lady had arrived from the Continent the evening before, and had hardly recovered from the effects of the sea passage; neither had her companions, one of whom she was nursing tenderly, while the other was being fed by a careful attendant. The lady was at breakfast in her bonnet and shawl.

In a tone of plaintive resignation she announced herself ready to start; but her companions were still suffering, and must finish their breakfasts. These companions were:—

Pauvre Bibi, a wretched, half-shaved French poodle, and Jacko, nothing more nor less than a pet monkey, that the charming *soprano* was nursing with all the affection she would have lavished upon a child. Jacko was jealous of his mistress, and showed his teeth to any one who dared approach her. Bibi was the more sardonic of the two, and either from sympathy or antipathy, indulged himself (or perhaps, more correctly, herself) in tearing the trousers of all strangers. I had been seated opposite the *prima donna* some five minutes, making myself as agreeable as it was possible to be at that early hour of the morning, when suddenly I felt a sharp pinch just above the ankle, and looking down, found Bibi had forsaken his (or her) *déjeuner* in favour of my leg. "Bibi! Bibi! méchant enfant, gas fais-toi donc!" "Mais, madame, il m'a pris par la jambe," I replied for Bibi, and tried to release my leg by a violent effort, but (he or she) hung on to my trousers, and would not let go until Madame came round and seized him adroitly by the tail. The movement the lady made excited Jacko, who was still in her arms, and who, supposing me to be the cause of the commotion, made a grab at my hair, of which he succeeded in pulling out a quantity. Bibi, Jacko, and the *dans de compagnie* were put into a cab. I followed in a Hansom, contemplating at my leisure the pleasure that such delightful companions as the two pet quadrupeds would surely afford the touring-party we were going to join. The lady's luggage, consisting of three boxes, each large enough for an Aztec family of moderate pretensions to live in—those gigantic trunks that are made only in France—bonnet boxes, and Bibi and Jacko's sleeping apartments, were more than enough for cab No. 3. We reached the station ten minutes before the train was to start, and found some of the party had arrived before us. The contralto with her mamma (a shrivelled-up old lady), who was introduced with much ceremony to the *soprano*. The tenor—dressed in a very new travelling suit, with a heavy watch chain, from which hung "charms" of every fanciful description, a white silk neck-tie carelessly (but what study in the carelessness!) fastened by a gold ring set with precious stones, straw-coloured kid gloves, and the very tightest of patent leather boots—came up and shook hands with the lady, being of course, saluted by Bibi and clutched at by Jacko. The basso—a German—in his native country must have heard strange stories of an English climate, for he was smothered in furs. He had a fur coat, a fur cap, fur boots, and was in every way fitted out for a severe Siberian winter. He seemed, however, to enjoy his furs, and to like being looked at, as he was to his heart's content, by the wondering passers-by. With the luggage we had a huge case, containing what one of the party called "his baby." It was large enough to hold any number of babies, and was the case of a double bass. This unusual travelling companion caused the railway porters no little diversion, and the cabmen a reasonable pretext for a double fare. It was within five minutes of the time of starting, and the violinist and conductor had not yet made their appearance. The impresario got anxious. He paced the pavement outside the booking-office impatiently, looking with pardonable curiosity into every cab that came up. He returned to the platform to see that those who had arrived were seated in the carriage reserved for them. Presently the violin followed him. It was carried by a most remarkable-looking little Italian, short in stature, of sallow complexion, with hair somewhat *à la Paganini*, and prodigious eyes, of which he made good use to give expression to every word he said—they rolled about like two highly polished balls of jet;—a genius in appearance, as he was in reality, for it was no other than Camillo Sivori. "Just in time," said the impresario.—"Si," said Sivori, "sono sempre a tempo."—"But where's the *mestro*?" asked the tenor from inside the carriage.—"Paga il cabbo," replied Sivori. The impresario went in search of the conductor, who had been left by the celebrated violinist to pay the cab, and I found him in angry discussion with the cabman, who loudly demanded double that which had been offered him. The dispute was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, by the impresario paying the fare himself, and the whole of the party were got into the train just as it was set in motion.—*The Enterprising Impresario.*

THE GULF STREAM.

It is undeniable that the influence of the Gulf Stream is felt through a large part of the North Atlantic Ocean, on the western shores of Great Britain, and still further along the northern and north-eastern coasts of Europe. What is the origin of this influence? This practical question has been answered in a variety of ways, by different writers. It seems to have been taken for granted that the Stream rises in the Gulf of Mexico, and hence it is commonly called the Gulf Stream. It is generally supposed that the most, if not all, of its striking peculiarities originate in that quarter of the Atlantic. On the coasts of Cornwall, Ireland, Scotland, Greenland, and yet further north, traces of tropical vegetation are found, which are supposed to be thrown on the beach and lodged among the rocks by the northern and eastern flow of the Gulf Stream. The western slopes of this part of Europe are clothed with moisture and peculiar verdure, in consequence of the steady deposit by the south-west winds from the sea of the fertilizing and warming vapours which abound where the Gulf Stream flows. A similar result is produced off the coasts of Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia, in the southern portion of the United States. It extends, at certain times, along the shores of New Jersey and New York, and is more slightly perceptible all round the extreme maritime regions of New England. We say at certain times, because there are periods on the sea-coasts of Europe as well as America when the course of the Gulf Stream is carried further away from shore than it is at others. During these periods, the effect produced on contiguous vegetation is at once perceptible; a change soon takes place in the surrounding atmosphere; so that all things under its influence are made to feel either the presence or absence of this extraordinary agent of the sea and air.—*Broadway No. II.*

TINTED GOBLETS CONTAINING ORDINARY WATER.

THE Scotchman, with his thousand and one illustrious ancestors—the Englishman, with the fabulous wealth of a foolish parent who would speculate—the foreigner, with his descent from Charlemagne, and his intimate acquaintance with every famous statesman on the continent—the nobleman, who talks as though a seat in the Cabinet were his at command—the unsuccessful candidate, who tells of the tremendous sensation caused by his speech at Little Cramlington—the successful M.P., who insists that the House listens spell-bound to his platitudes—the barrister, who pushes the idea of any culprit having a chance of escape when he is for the Crown—the doctor, who speaks as though the Almighty had confided some special secret to him for the cure of all diseases—the coachman, who informs his future master, "One or a pair, sir, or four-in-hand! all the same, sir"—the friend, who says, "I know all his affairs intimately; he consults me about everything,"—the acquaintance, who declares, "I drop in whenever I like, as if it were my own house,"—the author, who implies all the publishing firms on earth are fighting for his copy—the artist, who conveys the impression that before he hangs he sells—the lady, who "thinks men a sad trouble, because they are always wanting to marry one, and will not understand a refusal"—the young man at whose feet heiresses are kneeling, while their papas treat them to regard their preserves, their streams, their hunters, as possessions of the young man aforementioned—servants, who, talking on Sundays one to another, strive to outvie their bosom friends in fictions concerning cast-off finery and visitors' money, and what they class generally under "gettings"—skilled artisans, who avow they have more money per hour than was ever heard of in any factory—promoters, who are floating companies—tradesmen, who are pushing businesses—people who are keeping up appearances, who go out of town by drawing down the front blinds, and migrating to the first floor back—the run away from London for a few weeks to dingy third-rate lodgings, and then talk largely about their house in Brighton—who know half the peerage (by name), and discourse of lords and ladies as though they were their brothers and sisters—what is all this save tinted goblets containing nothing but ordinary water?—what does "coulour de rose" mean in English if it be not a deliberate intention to deceive.—*Broadway, No. II.*

A FALSE ALARM.

It appears that we may set our minds at rest as to the "new" cattle plague which was reported to have broken out in Cheshire. There is no such thing. The source of alarm was a verbal mistake as explained in the following letter to the *Times*, written by the Clerk of the Peace, Chester:—

"Referring to my telegram copied in the *Times*, I write to say that by mistake the word 'new' was written on the telegraph form instead of 'non.' It should have been 'non-contagious disease.'"

The writer adds, "There has been no case of cattle plague for many months past in this county; but Mr. Lewis, one of the Government inspectors, declares that the cows which were first said to be afflicted by a 'new contagious disease,' and are now said to have been the victims of a 'non-contagious disease,' were really affected by the cattle plague. He says, 'None of the veterinary surgeons who examined the cases could distinguish them from ordinary ones of cattle plague.'"

FREEMASONRY.

NOBLE MUNIFICENCE OF A PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER.—Lord Kenlis, Prov. G. Master for Cumberland and Westmoreland, has most liberally undertaken to restore, at his sole expense, the parish church of Kirkby Lonsdale, the cost of which will be upwards of £6,000. We understand that the gentry of Westmoreland have resolved to mark their appreciation of his lordship's munificence by placing a memorial window in the renovated church. Lord Kenlis will be installed at Kendal as the Grand Master of the province, on the 27th inst., when a numerous and brilliant assemblage of distinguished brethren is expected. His lordship is also, as our readers may remember, the present M. Ill. G. Sov. of the revived and flourishing Order of Red Cross Knights, and Chief of the Patriarchal Council of K.H.S.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.—The Provincial Grand Lodge of the Province of Cumberland and Westmoreland will be held at Kirkby Lonsdale, under the auspices of the Underly Lodge (No. 1,074), on Friday, the 27th inst., on which occasion Bro. Lord Kenlis will be installed as M.W. Prov. G.M., in succession to the late Bro. L. B. Dykes, of Dovenby Hall.

ROYAL ARCH.—ROSE OF DENMARK CHAPTER (No. 975).—The first convocation of this chapter at its new place of meeting, the Star and Garter Hotel, Kew Bridge, was held on Saturday, the 7th inst. The chapter was duly opened by Comps. W. H. Hubbard, M.E.Z.; J. Brett, P.Z.; as H.; R. W. Little, P.Z.; as J.; also Comp. H. G. Buss, P.Z. and Treas. On the admission of the companions the minutes were read and confirmed, and ballots taken for several candidates. Bro. Hartley, of the Royal Alfred Lodge, No. 780, being in attendance, was then exalted to the supreme degree of a R.A. Mason, the usual orations being delivered by Comps. Hubbard, Brett, and Little. The bye-laws of the chapter were ordered to be printed and circulated, and several propositions for exaltation were received; after which the convocation was adjourned to the first Saturday in December. The companions then sat down to an excellent banquet, followed by a most sumptuous dessert, and a most agreeable evening was spent, as every one present seemed to enjoy himself in a truly social and Masonic manner. Comp. Little, I.P.Z., in terms of eulogy, proposed the health of the M.E.Z., who is a companion deservedly esteemed for his staid and gentlemanly demeanour, as well as his Masonic abilities. Comp. Hubbard briefly responded to the toast, which was warmly received. Comp. Buss and the two other P.Z.'s returned thanks for the Past Principals, and Comps. Turner and Powell for the officers. Among others present we noticed Comps. Dodd, Quilty, Long, Walford, and Tinkler, and Comp. J. W. Frost, a visitor.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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J. GRIERSON, General Manager.
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